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THE

WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. XXXIII. No. 2.

OUR SCHOLASTICATE—AN ACCOUNT OF ITS GROWTH AND HISTORY TO THE OPENING OF WOODSTOCK, 1805–1869.

WITH SKETCHES OE THOSE CONNECTED WITH IT.

By Father John J. Ryan, S. J.

IV.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE BOSTON SCHOLASTICATE TO THE OPENING OF WOODSTOCK. 1860–1869.

At the request of Bishop John B. Fitzpatrick, the Society assumed charge of St. Mary's Church and parish in the north end of Boston in 1848, and Father John McElroy was sent there as Superior and Pastor. About five years afterward he purchased ground on Leverett and Wall Streets in the west end, known as the "Jail lands," with the intention of building a church and college there. When it was known that the ground was to be used by the Jesuits for this purpose, narrow intolerance was awakened and the city authorities imposed restrictions on the property, so that Fr. McElroy could not erect on it the desired buildings. Litigation followed, during which an able argument was made in favor of Fr. McElroy, in a most earnest and friendly spirit, by Mr. N. I. Bowditch, a prominent lawyer of Boston, not a Catholic. It was afterward published in pamphlet form. He was the son of Nathaniel Bowditch, the eminent mathematician who

translated La Place's Mécanique Céleste with original notes; and in the course of his remarks he said that his father's house was near the old Catholic Cathedral on Franklin Street, and when his father was dying, Bishop Fenwick gave orders that the ringing of the church bells should be stopped, in order that the last hours of a good man might pass in peace. This kindness he had always remembered with gratitude; and he said that, though the people who attended the old cathedral may have been poor and lowly according to the way of the world, yet when they came there on Sundays dressed in their best, neat and tidy, the earnestness, sincerity and heartiness of their religion was clearly apparent to him. Hence, he said, it was with pleasure that he came to raise his voice in the effort to have justice done that Church which was represented by Fr. McElroy. Intolerance, however, prevailed, and ground must be bought in some other part of the city. In April, 1857, Fr. McElroy disposed of all his interest in the jail lands without loss, even with a gain of several thousand dollars. The church and college were afterward built in a much better location, at the corner of Harrison Avenue and Concord Street, in the south end; and those who know Boston and the relative merits of both locations, have always been thankful that the jail lands were wrested from us.

The corner-stone of the Church of the Immaculate Conception was laid April 27th, 1858; and in close proximity to it arose the college. The latter consisted originally of two parallel buildings, each ninety feet long and sixty feet wide, and forty feet apart; one fronted on Harrison Avenue and was adapted as a residence for Ours; the other was arranged for the college classes; and both buildings were connected by one twenty-five feet in width, at the far end from the church. The college was completed in the summer of 1860; but as the Province was not yet able to open it to secular students, it had been decided to use it as a temporary general scholasticate for all of North America. Accordingly about the end of August and beginning of September, 1860, during the presidental campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln, those who were to form the new heterogeneous community were converging from different parts of the country to Boston College. The largest contingent, those from the southern part of the Province of Maryland, were entertained at dinner by the community of Loyola College, Baltimore, on August 31; and the same day they went aboard the steamer for Boston, hav-

ing obtained a reduced rate of passage through Fr. Charles Jenkins, then a scholastic. The year was begun with an eight days' retreat. The Boston scholasticate continued for three years; it was styled in the catalogue of the Province, *Seminarium Bostoniense.* The first year it had a community of sixty-five, of whom fourty-four were scholastics; and the number of scholastics was nearly the same the two other years. In addition to those from Maryland, there were in the community representatives from the Vice-Province of Missouri, from the French Mission of New York and Canada, from the Rocky Mountains and California and from New Orleans. There were Americans, Irishmen, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Belgians, Hollanders. Before the end of the first year an event took place which would seem an additional obstacle to unity in the house,—the breaking out of the Civil War, which in many cases divided a family and arrayed its members on opposite sides. Considering things as they were then, it was most natural that those from the North should favor the Union and those from the South should be for secession; and indeed there were opposing sentiments and sympathies in the scholasticate. Superiors would kindly admonish us, in accordance with the rule, to avoid speaking of the war in recreation; yet through a most natural frailty, animated discussions would sometimes take place, though without serious violation of charity. Even after those little ebullitions, union-man and secessionist were most cordial and friendly to each other personally. Indeed there was wonderful union and charity in that varied community; and a most potent influence in harmonizing its diverse elements was the personality of our excellent and Heaven-sent Rector, Fr. John Bapst.

FATHER JOHN BAPST.

When appointed to that important position he was to a great extent unknown in the Province; since his arrival among us in 1848 he had been a missionary in Maine, laboring for the Indians and the whites over a large territory, until the year preceding the opening of the scholasticate, during which he was Spiritual Father in the college at Worcester. He was a Swiss like Fr. Villiger, and both when scholastics had been respectively *bidelli* of the theologians and philosophers at Friburg. Besides being Rector in Boston, he was also professor of moral theology. He possessed a very rare charm of character. He was of the truest religious spirit, without being in any

way austere in his piety. He was sunny in disposition, mild and gentle in his rule, and of the greatest kindness of heart; and he was most tender in his charity toward all in the community. His was a charming simplicity, joined with all necessary prudence and firmness.

The light of a character so apostolic could not be confined by the walls of the scholasticate, but shone forth through the diocese and won him the confidence and esteem of bishop and priests. A significant incident, though oft-repeated, will bear repetition—that when at a conference of the priests a case of conscience was proposed and the question asked of each what he would do, one priest gave the candid reply, that he would go and ask Fr. Bapst. And during the lingering and painful illness of Bishop Fitzpatrick before his death in 1866, Fr. Bapst was the trusted confessor and director whom he chose to encourage him and give consolation and peace to his dying hours.

When those of the community sometimes recalled to him the well-known outrage he had suffered in Maine from the Know-Nothings, he would talk to them pleasantly about it, and in simplicity would show them on request the gold watch that had been presented to him by respectable citizens of Maine as a reparation, and retained by him at the behest of Father General. I happen to have a newspaper clipping part of which may be of interest here. Fr. Bapst while residing in Bangor, Me., was in Ellsworth, 28 miles away, on a Saturday evening in October, 1854, either going on a distant sick-call or returning. The following announcement appeared the next Monday—with the error of making him Italian instead of Swiss. Bangor had then about 15000 population, and Ellsworth probably about 3000.

[From the Bangor *Daily Mercury*, Extra.]

MONDAY FORENOON, *Oct. 16.*

"By a dispatch from Ellsworth we learn that the Rev. John Bapst, the Catholic pastor in this city, was, on Saturday night, tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail, in Ellsworth, that home of rowdies and ruffians. Mr. Bapst was on a visit to Ellsworth when the outrage was committed. He has been pastor of the Catholic population in this city a few months. We understand he was born and educated in Italy. Since he has been here he has done much good among the Catholic population, and has brought about many useful reforms, winning commendation on all hands. We have not terms

strong enough to express the indignation experienced by all classes in this city on hearing of this dastardly outrage. The shameful cowards who have done it should receive the highest penalties for the offense. . . ."

Fr. Bapst took great interest in the studies of the scholastics, especially philosophy; he sometimes in his room would speak to the writer of this or ask questions about the points of philosophy then treated in class. He had been taught a philosophy less according to St. Thomas than what was then approved by the Society—that of Rothenflue, I believe—and sometimes at the public disputations, if he believed the philosophy of his youth was not shown fair play, he would take part in the discussion with some animated remarks. For, like St. Francis of Sales, though so mild, he had a natural warmth of temper. I have heard that once during the performance of the play of "William Tell" by the students, Fr. Bapst became somewhat angry at seeing his national hero falsely represented, as he believed, and without due respect, and said some forcible words regarding people who talk of what they know nothing about.

In a letter written from Eastport, Me., to the Vice-Provincial at Georgetown, in April, 1852, after having given great praise to the two Fathers, his assistants, he says: "As to Fr. Bapst, you know him; he is always the same; if he has undergone any change, it is for the worse. May God have pity on him!" So cheery and lighthearted and humble was he. In a letter of Oct. 10, 1860, to his old companion, Fr. Billet, the Rector of the college in Brussels, he writes: "Now, after twelve years of missionary labor, I am once again in the full enjoyment of the solitude, silence and recollection of a religious house. . . . In the Scholasticate which has just been established here in Boston, the *Ratio Studiorum* and the other rules and constitutions are to be followed in all their fullness. The Scholastics have entered upon their studies with great ardor, and we have reason to entertain the hope of seeing in a few years an army of apostolic men depart from Boston, who, full of the spirit of St. Ignatius, will establish in the New World, on the ruins of Protestantism and infidelity, the kingdom of Jesus Christ." In a letter from Boston to the same Father, March 3, 1861, he says: "You know full well what a Scholasticate is. I have nothing to tell you in this matter except that our Scholastics, *although Americans*, are as good, as studious, as pious, as are yours in Europe."

Nearly ten years before he had written a long letter from Maine to one of his brethren in Europe, from which the following is an extract:

"EASTPORT, ME., *Nov. 10, 1851.*

"*Reverend and Very Dear Father—*

. . . . "About a month ago when I was worn out by the labors of the missions, Rev. Fr. Brocard invited me—nay, even urged me—to take a little necessrry recreation by taking a trip to Georgetown, and visiting on the way the various houses of the Maryland Province. . . . Before undertaking this long journey, I had formed many prejudices against the Province of Maryland, due to the unfavorable reports with reference to it which I had frequently heard before my coming to this country. But this visit has dispelled all my prejudices. I now firmly believe that the Province of Maryland is as flourishing, from a religious point of view, as any Province in Europe; I would no longer have any repugnance to casting my lot with that of this dear Province and becoming a member of it. Wherever I went I was received by my Jesuit brethren with so much charity and so much cordiality, and so well did I find the rules observed in the various houses, that I felt as if transported, after three years of exile and isolation, to the happy times in which flourished that famous college and boarding-school where we spent together such happy days—never, alas, to return. I found in all these houses a true image of Fribourg; the same spirit, the same virtues, the same religious atmosphere. . . .

"Yours devotedly,

"JOHN BAPST, S. J."

Miraculous occurrences in Fr. Bapst's case have been told. Over twenty years ago a Catholic lady from Maine who had known him, told me of a church built by him in that State, the building of which was considered miraculous, either because mild weather came out of season in winter, or from some other equally wonderful circumstance. She said, I remember, that numbers of persons used to come to see the church in process of erection and looked on as at a miracle. Indeed, it is not hard to believe that God would manifest his power in favor of one so unselfish and saintly, who was nearly a martyr.

But I seem to be forgetting the lengthy and appreciative notice of him that appeared in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS after he died in 1887 when he had become enfeebled in mind and memory.

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH.

During the spring following the opening of the scholasticate, on the fourth Sunday of Lent, March 10, 1861, the adjoining Church of the Immaculate Conception was solemnly dedicated by Bishop Fitzpatrick. Archbishop Hughes of New York was present, with Bishop McCloskey of Albany, (the future cardinal), besides four other bishops with thirty priests and as many scholastics. There was an immense crowd of people in attendance, though the tickets were one dollar apiece. Fr. McElroy records in his diary the next day that never was a religious celebration so well attended in Boston. The new church, its dimensions, architecture, decorations, etc., were the common topic of conversation; and a constant stream of visitors poured in whenever the doors were open. Fr. Bapst wrote in a letter about this time that the church and college would cost about half a million of dollars; and when we learn what great trouble Fr. McElroy had in getting the means to build, in borrowing money, meeting his obligations, etc., we are convinced that the result could be accomplished only by an extraordinary man like him, with his influence, his business tact, and the special aid from God due to his apostolic zeal. In the beginning of November, 1863, a Protestant gentleman, Mr. Willet, sent for Fr. McElroy and said an effort should be made to pay the debt of the edifice; he offered to lead with a subscription of $1000. Soon thereafter Fr. Bapst called a meeting of gentlemen for the purpose, and Mr. Andrew Carney, a wealthy Catholic, offered $20,000, if the rest of the congregation would raise an equal amount in six months. Fr. Bapst interested friends of the church in the matter, and from private subscriptions as well as by the most successful church fair until then held in Boston, he obtained more than the required amount; while Mr. Carney also gave more than the sum stipulated.

Those three years of the scholasticate, in conjunction with the work done in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, introduced a new era for Catholicity in Boston, as those who were there at that time will understand. When our church was dedicated there were few others in the city, and most of them poor ones. The Cathedral congregation had no church edifice, but assembled on Sunday to hear Mass in a small theatre on Washington Street, the Melodeon, where their attention might be distracted from their devotions by the sight of the belongings of the

stage. Catholics in Boston could not hold up their heads as yet, and their religion was rather looked down on, perhaps because misunderstood, by the non-Catholic portion of the people. Then suddenly appears this college of truly learned professors and studious young men, the honesty and innocence of whose lives could not but be seen by the keen, watching eyes of the Athens of America. Then springs up their church, an architectural wonder, the finest sacred building in New England; and the services in it are conducted with so much decorum and dignity as to command new respect for our religion in the minds of that thinking people. Eloquent and instructive sermons were given by the Fathers; the talent and training of the choir supplied artistic music, especially on festivals; and the beautiful ceremonies of the Church, especially during Holy Week, were performed impressively by the scholastics, some of whom were accomplished vocalists. I remember hearing how the non-Catholic wife of a member of the choir, a prominent lady, came to the church during Holy Week, just to hear the singing of the scholastics, which she preferred to the music of her husband's choir. Indeed groups of people would gather outside the college on Sunday afternoon, listening to the singing of Ours in the chapel at the community Benediction. On great feasts, such as Christmas or Easter, a great crowd filled the church occupying not only the pews but the remaining space, and seats were placed in the aisles. They came from all of Boston and the vicinity, and probably half of them were respectful non-Catholics. Within a year or two of the opening of the church Fr. Maguire, with a band of Fathers, gave in it a two-weeks mission, and made a great impression by his peerless eloquence. He always gave the evening sermon at eight o'clock, an hour or more in length, without being tiresome; indeed I remember how I, a scholastic in philosophy, looked forward the whole twenty-four hours to the pleasure of hearing him and drinking in his eloquence. Truly, I think it can be said without too much praise of the Society, that the scholasticate and the church of the Immaculate Conception gave a powerful impetus to Catholicity in Boston, elevated it and gave it new dignity—indeed made it possible for the bishop to build his cathedral a dozen years later, and hastened much the present prosperous condition of the Church in that city.

LIFE IN THE SCHOLASTICATE.

But to return to our domestic life in the scholasticate.

As the college was in the midst of the city, with little ground attached, superiors with the advice of the physician obliged the scholastics to take an hour's walk through the city each day, after class in the afternoon, about 4.30. On Thursdays and other holidays we took longer walks, often through the suburbs of Boston, which were very beautiful; and during the fine season parties often went for an all-day excursion to some selected spot some miles away, carrying along money to purchase materials for dinner. In our walks we went out in bands of two and scattered in every direction; and we soon found that the "students," as we were called, were known everywhere and sharp eyes were upon them. And we had the consolation of hearing that our behaviour gave edification.

For two years and a half of the Boston scholasticate the gigantic war between North and South was going on, and battles more or less momentous and historic were fought in rapid succession. At times the outlook was very grave; and thinking persons felt alarmed and doubtful about the future of the country. Once, I remember, the Provincial wrote a letter to the Province, asking all to pray for peace, adding that the very foundations of orderly civil society seemed in danger of being swept away. The scholastics were naturally curious to hear the news, and the superiors kindly allowed the newspapers to be read to them. The Spiritual Father, Fr. Felix Cicaterri, gave a laudable example in this matter, as he once told a scholastic, to the amusement of the latter, that he received his news of our war from the London Tablet, which not only crossed the ocean from England but had to receive its news by steamer—before the cable was in operation.

Physicians and other non-Catholic gentlemen who had occasion to go through the house, were impressed by our manner of life, and edified; and they sometimes said it was a new and valuable experience to them. The regular physician was Dr. H. I. Bowditch, not a Catholic, the brother of Fr. McElroy's advocate already mentioned—who was in the very front rank of the medical profession. He gave his services to the community faithfully and devotedly, and, I believe, did not wish to accept any renumeration. Being a specialist for the throat and lungs, when there was a serious case of illness which he believed some other physician understood better than himself, he would bring him with him to the college. This happened in the case of Fr. Edward Higgins, lately

deceased in the Missouri Province and ex-Provincial, he being then a scholastic in philosophy. The strange physician was attracted by Mr. Higgins' brightness and intelligence, and conversed with him sociably, among other things about the course of studies in the house. He expressed surprise and wonder when told that the course of philosophy and theology was pursued entirely in Latin; and he was not satisfied until a volume of Liberatore was brought and shown him.

Dr. Bowditch was not only a practising physician, but also applied himself to enlarging medical science. He had been studying the causes of Consumption of the lungs, which at time at least was such a scourge in the New England States; and he asked of Fr. Bapst the privilege of lecturing on that subject before the Fathers and Scholastics. This was really a favor on the part of the Doctor, and the request was readily granted. Therefore on a certain day the Fathers and Scholastics assembled in one of the large rooms of the college building, and he appeared before them, having brought and hung up a number of maps of different parts of New England, colored according to the dryness or moisture of the locality. He wished to explain the proofs of a thesis which he believed he had fully established, that not cold but moisture was the cause of consumption. He first read an introduction, elegantly and tastefully written; he then proceeded to his maps and charts, gave a number of facts which he had learned and statistics of deaths from consumption, with reference to the character of the places where they took place, whether dry or moist; and indeed proved his point to the satisfaction of Ours present. He showed great respect for the intelligence of the Fathers and Scholastics and when he had left his written paper, seemed at times somewhat timid and embarrassed in his demonstration, venerable and distinguished physician and professor though he was.

The professors in this forerunner of Woodstock were able and learned men. Fathers Duverney, Gresslin, and after him Felix Cicaterri, taught sholastic theology; Fathers Ardia, Janalik and Guida taught philosophy—the new three years' course of Liberatore having been issued for the second year of the new scholasticate. The natural sciences and mathematics were upheld by eminent professors in the persons of Fathers Sestini and Varsi. Fr. Varsi, a Sardinian, was afterward superior of the California Mission, and accomplished wonders on the Pacific coast. He made his fourth year of theology in

Boston, and then after his Third Probation returned and taught physics and chemistry there and in Georgetown a couple of years before being called to California. He had made scientific studies and attended lectures in Paris at the expense of our Provincial, who brought him to America for the scholasticate. After two years in the country he had learned English remarkably well; and his lectures, delivered in an interesting style and illustrated with costly apparatus procured at his desire, were perhaps the best until then given on those subjects in the Province. He gave a brilliant surprise to Boston in the scholastic year 1862–'63, during the triduum in our church for the beatification of the Japanese martyrs. He conceived the idea of having the electric light behind the tabernacle during Benediction in the evening; and although the dynamo was not yet invented and the electric light difficult to obtain, I doubt whether I have seen ever since a light more brilliant than that one. In the steam-house, a separate one-story building just back of the sacristy, he placed a large Bunsen battery of about 100 cells, tended by the scholastics; from which wires led to the carbon arc-lamp on the altar. When the current was let on, producing the brilliant light, there was a start of surprise among the large congregation; and one looking at the windows from outside, would imagine it was bright noon-day in the church. I remember seeing the shadow of the gas jets cast on the wall of the sanctuary. The following Fourth of July—and *post hoc, propter hoc*—the city authorities had Mr. Ritchie, the noted instrument-maker, to produce the electric light in the dome of the State-House and throw it by a reflector in different directions, even in the faces of some of us who were looking out from the cupola of the college.

Father Michael O'Connor, who had been a few years before Bishop of Pittsburg and was permitted to lay down his mitre and enter the Society, was professor of compendious theology and canon law the third year of the scholasticate. He had gone through the thirty days' retreat at Frederick and then passed the two years of novitiate in Germany; and at the completion of this period, in December, 1862, he pronounced his four solemn vows in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston, before the Provincial, Fr. Paresce. Though he had been a pioneer bishop in western Pennsylvania seventeen years, yet I remember hearing his scholars tell how he spoke Latin fluently, had it "at his fingers' ends." He had been regarded as one of the most learned bishops at

Rome on the occasion of the definition of the Immaculate Conception in 1854. His predecessor in teaching compendious theology in Boston had been Fr. Fulton, the future provincial—who was offered by Fr. Provincial to continue teaching theology, but preferred and was sent to teach rhetoric to our juniors.

Occasionally, on festive occasions, the scholastics had a social reunion in the refectory in the evening—a soirée at which theologians and philosophers were allowed to mingle. Some innocent refreshments were enjoyed, pieces written for the occasion were read, and music rendered in the intervals. The pieces read, in prose and verse, English and Latin, were off-hand and entertaining but in literary taste, as might be expected from scholastics S. J. Of all the survivors, I remember Fr. David Merrick, then a scholastic, as specially willing to entertain us on those occasions by writing and reading pieces which pleased by their literary taste, and entertained and amused by their appropriateness and humor. Mr. Henry Schaapman, now a veteran Father of Missouri, was a trained musician, with a fine voice, and was always willing to take his part in providing pleasing music on those occasions. Those festive evenings always promoted cheerfulness and fraternal union. The vacation after each year was passed during July in the college at Worcester, which was then much smaller than now, with many inconveniences in proportion—yet this was a season of genuine enjoyment. The scholastics were obliged to sleep in the dormitories of the boys, within curtains—two alcoves being allowed each one; and during the day they sat and read in the large study-room. Among the scholastics in those vacations was Fr. James Major, an eminent mathematician and astronomer, who entered the Society a few years before and was now two-score and ten. I remember hearing it remarked how edifying it was to see him in the morning coming down from the dormitory and washing his face and hands in a tin basin, with water brought by himself from the pump; for he had recently resigned a lucrative position in the astronomical observatory in Washington and left the comforts of his home in Georgetown for a life of perfection in the Society. Each vacation there was an all-day excursion to the beautiful sheet of water, three or four miles distant from Worcester, Qunsigamond Lake—which was very enjoyable. One vacation the names of all who were American citizens over eighteen years of age, were put in the urn for the draft, with the possible prospect of being

obliged to go and fight for the Union in the War. Fr. Charles Jenkins' name was really drawn and he was drafted; and one of our diversions during the Worcester vacation was to accompany him with all formality and honor to the college gate when he started for Boston, to strive and gain exemption, as he really did on account of his eye-sight.

Boston College then was very different internally and externally from what it is now. The back building, for the college classes, was of the same dimensions as the front one, and was only forty feet removed from it; they were connected at the Newton Street end by a building twenty-five feet in width, containing two stories and a basement. The basement of this connecting building was the refectory, the first story was the domestic chapel, and over it was the library, along which ran a narrow passage divided from it by a wire partition. The two last years of the scholasticate the theologians were housed in the building on Harrison Avenue, being in some cases two or three in a room, with beds and desks. The philosophers were located in the back building, having their desks arranged around the walls in two of the large rooms as study-rooms, and sleeping within curtains in the two large rooms overhead for dormitories. Years afterward when Fr. Fulton was Rector of Boston College, the massive back building, by a striking achievement of modern mechanics, was moved back fifty feet to James Street and let down on new foundations. The men at the screws by which it was moved, worked in unison at the tap of the drum; not a crack was made in the building, and the work of the college was carried on in it without interruption.

In this old scholasticate various talent was developed among the scholastics, not only in class but out of it also. As instances, two scholastics, made each a wooden clock, with pendulum, weights and wheels, and they kept very good time; another made a steam-engine and an electric telegraph which worked well. Also a little party of handy scholastics, making use of odds and ends, such as cigar boxes and pieces of wood found at random, constructed, with considerable labor, a pretty gothic altar, which was long used in one of the small chapels in the house; and when it was completed, Fr. Bapst showed his gratitude and appreciation by some gifts to the workmen. This exercise of mechanical talent occupied, of course, only recreation time or the intervals of serious study, from which it was a diversion.

At the end of each of the three years of the scholasticate in the "Hub," the eight days' retreat was given by Fr. Felix Cicaterri, distinguished as an Instructor of the Third Probation and as a director of retreats to priests and religious. The points were given by him entirely in Latin, four times a day, on an average three-quarters of an hour in length —yet they were not tiresome, I think. He was a finished Latinist as well as a truly eloquent man. Ciceronian periods flowed from his lips with entire ease, and in that language he could draw vivid word pictures, tell humorous antecedotes or impressive examples, and could enforce the truths of Faith with dramatic illustration. He died at Woodstock ten years afterward.

Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, a man of dignified presence, had reason to appreciate the scholasticate and adjoining church, as indeed he did. One year he spent a considerable time in the house; though, being in delicate health, he remained for the most part in his room. One day he came to dinner with the community, and after grace, before being seated, addressed a few cordial words to them on the eve of his departure for Europe, to procure professors for the new seminary to be opened at Troy, for New York and New England. He asked the prayers of all for himself and for the object of his mission to Europe, and said it had always been a pleasure to him to be in our midst.

The Boston scholasticate, now forty years buried in the shadowy past, was, to use an expressive commonplace, a great success. I went there a junior scholastic from Frederick and made two years of philosophy; and the surroundings were such as to nurture the excellent spirit of the novitiate. There was study there and piety, a home feeling, paternal care of superiors and religious regularity: in a word it was truly a house of the Society. While there I was once asked by one of superiors to make a copy of a Latin letter to Fr. General written by Fr. Antony Ciampi, an elegant Latinist, then a member of the community. He spoke in terms of great praise of this new experiment of a general scholasticate in America; it was most successful, he said, as seen from the improvement of the scholastics both in learning and in religious spirit. And he was supposed to know whereof he spoke, as he had come here from the Roman Province when a scholastic.

The enumeration would be too long of all the Scholastics who studied in Boston in those days, and became afterwards worthy Fathers, filling useful or responsible

or elevated positions in the Society. The Provincial, however, who governed it, must not be forgotton.

FATHER PARESCE.

Fr. Villiger who began it, was removed after less than a year on the completion of his three years' term, and was sent to California as superior of that Mission. Fr. Angelo Paresce succeeded him as Provincial April 19th, 1861 —in the afternoon of which day was shed the first blood of the war, in Baltimore, where he was installed.

He was a friend of the Scholasticate; indeed it was said that one reason why he was made Provincial, was his persuasion for years that there should be a separate scholasticate, even a general one. He was a Scholastic in Naples, in poor health, when about 1845 Fr. Ryder paid a visit there, and was told by the Provincial that he might take the sickly young man to America and save his life if he could—adding that he was bright and talented. Mr. Paresce accordingly accompanied Fr. Ryder, and seems to have regained his health, though he was always more or less unwell. He made three years of theology at Georgetown, and was then Minister of the college for two years. Then he was sent to Frederick for his Third Probation, being Minister of the Novitiate at the same time; and Fr. Samuel Barber having met with an accident and broken his leg, Fr. Paresce, toward the end of the year, was appointed Rector and Master of Novices in his place, in May, 1851, at the the age of thirty-four. He held that position ten years, and then was Provincial eight years longer, until the opening of Woodstock Scholasticate, of which he was made the first Rector.

His grandfather was an Englishman, Parish; and when the name passed into Italy it became Paresce. He was proud, it seems, of his English blood; and indeed he had the good traits of both nations, being kind and sympathetic of heart, and cool, deliberate and wise in counsel—at one time lively and warm in manner, and at another reserved. He was actuated by the tenderest charity, great love for the Society, and zeal for the welfare of its youthful members; he was truly a man of prayer and of singular prudence, and it has been said that he was inspired in what he did. He had learned the manners and spirit of this country and was in sympathy with them; he understood American youth fully, and in the responsible task of forming Novices had most prudent regard to the national traits and character. He insisted especially on obedience and fraternal charity. Once, after he had given an earnest exhortation to the Novices, Mr. Tisdall, afterwards his successor as Master of Novices,

went to his room and found him in tears—showing that he had felt what he had said. He understood the Irish character well, of which there were so many representatives in the Province, and thought much of the strong Faith of the Emerald Isle; he once said pleasantly to a Scholastic of Irish birth, that if he should be ashamed of being an Irishman, he himself would be ashamed of him. A venerable and esteemed Father of the Province who knew him well, has said of him that he was more like St. Ignatius than any one else he had met. His great charity has often been recalled and praised.

He and Fr. Ryder were chosen delegates to the General Congregation which elected Fr. Beckx; the Provincial, Fr. Stonestreet, did not go, because he was then subject to the old regulations for ultra-marine Provincials. Fr. Paresce used to tell with a laugh how, in passing through France, he had been taken for a lay-brother attending Fr. Ryder. I have often heard as a tradition how in that General Congregation, when it was proposed to have an English Assistant, and the proposal met with much opposition, a lengthy address made by Fr. Paresce convinced the Fathers and gained the appointment of the new official—after which Fr. Ryder came and embraced him cordially.

He seems to have been singled out by Providence as Provincial during the Civil War, on account of his great prudence and caution. I do not remember that he gave any sign which side he favored, though he chid no one for being Northern or Southern in sentiment. Baltimore was his residence as Provincial, where Archbishop Spalding had the highest esteem for him and chose him as his confessor; and how tactful and conciliatory he was appears from this, that during the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, it was said that when the Prelates were disputing about some question and could not agree, the Archbishop would send for Fr. Paresce, who would pour oil on the troubled waters and restore harmony.

RETURN TO GEORGETOWN.

But to return to the Scholasticate in Massachusetts, to which he gave so much earnest care. When it was opened in 1860 it was thought that in a few years it would have a home of its own, at Conewago in Pennsylvania; and that year wood was already provided at that place with which to burn the bricks. I remember how in Boston Fr. Sestini, a skilled

draughtsman and architect, showed a carefully drawn plan of the new Scholasticate at Conewago, which, he said, would be ready in 1863. Often man only proposes, however, and this plan was baffled, especially by the terrible Civil War; and in 1863 the General Scholasticate was dissolved. In the first place, Boston College had to be opened for the youth of Boston, for whom it was intended; then the Province of Maryland was put to inordinate expense, as the cost of living in Boston in war times was very great, and the annuity agreed on to be paid for each of those from other provinces was found insufficient. During the vacation at Worcester in July, 1863, in the midst of the daily accounts from the distant scene of war, rumors also circulated of the coming end of the Scholasticate. At length in the latter part of August a long letter came from Fr. Paresce to Fr. Bapst, containing minute directions for the disbanding of the community. All those belonging to the Province of Maryland were to go to Georgetown College in bands of three or four by a route marked out; those of the Mission of New York and Canada were to go to Fordham; and all from Missouri and New Orleans, with some from California, were to go to Georgetown. The books and furniture were put on board a sailing craft, and wafted by the breezes of the Atlantic to the mouth of the Potomac and up to the quiet city beyond Rock Creek, "three miles from the Capitol." And thus we leave Boston College, over which a year of comparative stillness hangs, in preparation for its opening to students in September, 1864—with saintly, lovable Fr. Bapst staying behind as Superior.

The writer of this was one of those who migrated to Georgetown, and made his third year of philosophy there; and he recalls that year 1863–'64 as a memorable one in the history of that venerable institution. It received again its former distinction of being the Scholasticate, the *Collegium Maximum*, with a goodly number of Scholastics and excellent Professors. The Theologians were located in the "Mountain," the attic of the building which contains the students' refectory, not possessing then the modern conveniences it has now; and they occupied all its thirteen or fourteen rooms. The desks of the Philosophers were ranged along the walls of the "Ascetory," the large room in the old building recently demolished, over the community refectory and of the same dimensions—since divided up into a number

of rooms; and they slept in the old attic above, within curtains. There was a goodly number of students in the college, considering that it was war time and that it had been chiefly a Southern college. Among the students were the two little sons of Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, Mr. Lincoln's defeated rival for the presidency—whom their step-mother was bringing up Catholics. Just below the college, flowing placidly to the sea, was the broad Potomac, the northern boundary of the Southern Confederacy; and South of it the war was raging furiously, and we probably heard cannonading sometimes. As the grounds of the college were spacious, those who were studying seldom crossed Rock Creek to Washington, which was much less attractive and beautiful then than now. The streets were not paved, and were cut up by army wagons; after a rain they were a mass of mud, and in fine weather they filled the air with fine dust. Sometimes, on Thursday, we walked out to spend the day and dine in a convivial manner at the old villa near Tenleytown. There was a mock organization among the Scholastics, the "Artesian Society," whose meetings were held during the evening recreation, and served as an innocent and most amusing diversion. The proceedings displayed genuine wit and humor; grave men became boys for their own and others' amusement; and the minutes of the previous meeting, written and read by Fr. John Sumner, then a Scholastic of about forty-five years, were sometimes such as to deserve a place in American humorous literature.

There was hard study at Georgetown, religious regularity, fraternal union and genial good-fellowship. The Rector was Fr. John Early, who, when he died ten years later, had been Rector twenty-five years, with one or two years intermission. He was a careful superior, kind and paternal—a man of dignity and tact; indeed, a providential Rector for the college during the war and the years immediately preceding and following it. When it first broke out, two regiments of soldiers were quartered at the college, and were causing great inconvenience and damage. These were soon removed, no doubt through his influence and adroitness; and there was no more intrusion on the property of the college, which became through the remainder of the war a haven of peace. Fr. Early had great influence with the two great members of Mr. Lincoln's cabinet, Mr. Seward and Mr. Stanton; and the brother who drove him to Washington told how when he called on Mr. Seward, the great Secretary of State

would accompany him to his carriage, and say he would be most happy to do him any favor in his power. The community had an early dinner on the 1st of January, 1864, that those who wished might go the White House and join the general public in shaking hands with the President; and I and others availed ourselves of the opportunity, and took the hand of Mr. Lincoln, who is now so conspicuous in history. Among the excellent professors at Georgetown was Fr. Leonard Nota, a Neapolitan; when I first knew him, I could scarcely take my eyes from him when he appeared, so comical did he seem—though with benevolence and benignity in his face. He was professor of dogmatic theology—also of the class of ethics, to which I belonged. A peculiarity of his was that, when dictating his ethics to us in his own room, across which was a long, old-fashioned desk, he insisted on our sitting with our backs to himself, that the light might strike our eyes in a certain way. He was a skilled moral theologian, and was said to be very successful in quieting scruples in others; though singularly before his death, a few years later, he had a very severe trial of scruples himself—probably some derangement of the nerves or brain.

The First Prefect of discipline at Georgetown this year 1863–'64 was Mr. Joseph King—and he is another instance of the truth that the most promising are often taken off young. He had been a student at the Washington Seminary (now Gonzaga College), entered the Society in 1852 at the age of sixteen, made his two years of philosophy at Georgetown, and was now in his eighth year as prefect there. He showed wonderful maturity and wisdom in youth; and when Fr. Early was absent from the college, he felt it was safe in Mr. King's hands. First he was a conscientious and exact religious; and having his naturally warm temper under full control, he was patient, calm and gentle. He was an ideal prefect of discipline; he seemed the embodiment of authority, so that in his presence the students had no disposition to misbehave in the least; and he was a consummate detective in quietly learning all that went on among them. Withal he was loved by the students, because they knew he was most kind and just, and he associated with them pleasantly in recreation hours and took interest in all their diversions. In fine weather he could be seen seated on the grass in the midst of a group of them, entertaining them and telling them stories. He had also the keenest perception of humor and fun; and the "jug-rat"

exhibition just before the yearly commencement, of which it was a comical imitation, was intensely amusing—with Mr. King its inspiration and central figure. Though he seemed to have the glow of health, yet the next year, in May, 1865, while in his first year of theology in the "Mountain," he died unexpectedly of malignant diptheria after a very brief illness—died, said Fr. Nota, his confessor, calmly as he had lived. I remember how sorrowful I felt on hearing the news at Worcester. Fr. Paresce, who was careful about making such predictions, said that he would have been Provincial; and the news of his untimely death was a shock to him.

VACATION AT THE GEORGETOWN VILLA.

At the conclusion of the scholastic year, in the beginning of July, 1864, the scholastics went to the villa, two miles away, for vacation. Their superior was Fr. Stonestreet, ex-Provincial, who devoted himself to making them happy, and he succeeded in doing so. In the evening after supper we would sit out until late on the green in front of the house, and often those who could sing would entertain us; while the friendly neighbors within a considerable radius would sit at their doors, and through the calm air of the country and the evening enjoy the singing of the scholastics. It was the last summer of the war, during which fierce battles were fought; even an attack was made on Washington, and many of the shots were heard by us. The intention of Superiors was that we should return to the college and make the retreat before the Feast of St. Ignatius; but one day in the twinkling of an eye a whole army corps encamped around us near the villa; and then we remained there until after the 15th of August, to hold the property. Outside the house was a little pump of cold, limpid water, which the soldiers drank dry the first day. After that the officers put a guard over it to restrict its use; and indeed they were very careful that the soldiers should do us no injury. The Catholic chaplain of the soldiers was a young Franciscan priest, Fr. Leo, who staid with us at the villa and was treated as one of ourselves: he afterward became one of the highest men in his Order in this country, and when he died a few years ago, was Superior of a Franciscan convent in Connecticut. I never met him again until more than thirty years afterward, in a railroad train; when he told me he never forgot his stay with the Jesuits at the villa and how kindly he was treated—and he said he often spoke to his young men about that

pleasant episode in his life with sentiments of gratitude and affection.

And so the higher studies of the Scholastics were pursued at Georgetown several years longer. Fr. Bernard Maguire succeeded Fr. Early in January, 1866—the second time he was Rector of the College. Of him it may be said, in praise of his eloquence, that even when he saw reason to admonish the students at the monthly reading of the marks of merit and perhaps scolded them severely, yet they were pleased and liked it, because he did it so eloquently and with such dignity. The professor metaphysics and ethics to the scholastics in 1866—'67 was Fr. P. Healy, who six years afterwards became President of the college, and during his long term of office greatly improved its scholastic standing, increased its fame and erected the splendid new building.

A NEW GENERAL SCHOLASTICATE.

In the spring of 1865 the war ended, and after the greatest army ever seen in this Country had passed in review in Washington in gorgeous pageant before being mustered out of service, the country felt the security of peace. The change reacted on Fr. Paresce also and revived his plan of a general Scholasticate. He made a trip to the Missouri Province, in order to make known his plans to the Vice Provincial and his consultors and induce them to agree to send their young men to the Scholasticate to be built in Maryland. They did not however look with favor on his proposal, and his mission was a failure. On his journey back his train met with an accident and was thrown off the track, and he either chose or was obliged to return West. He made a second attempt to carry his point: getting pen and paper, he wrote down clearly and forcibly the reasons in favor of his proposal, and read them to the leading Fathers; and this time they were convinced and made the agreement about their Scholastics which he desired.

Having made, through his Procurator, Mr. Charles Lancaster, a diligent search for a location, and having refused the place at Ilchester which the Redemptorists afterwards bought, and, I believe, the place at Mt. Washington, four miles north of Baltimore, now occupied by the Sisters of Mercy, he at length learned of the farm at Woodstock. When the consultors had seen it, they approved of it entirely; and in the autumn of 1865 Fr. Paresce was able to announce definitely and confidently his plans for the new Scholasticate. Many diffi-

culties came in the way, as from the character of the times just following the war, the location of Woodstock in the country, where it was difficult to get materials and workmen, besides other hindrances; and the work went on for more than three years. Fault has been found with Fr. Paresce for building the Scholasticate twenty-five miles from Baltimore, and thus necessitating the expense of traveling and of transporting all the articles needed by the community. It would be different if those who thus criticize could put themselves in his place and realize the conditions that confronted him; and it is easier to criticize the work done by another than to accomplish it. He probably changed his ideas in the matter before his death. As to the location of Woodstock, though it is twenty-five miles from Baltimore by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, one of the oldest railroads in the world, following the course of the meandering Patapsco; yet in a straight line it is nearer the city by more than one third of that distance. In a dozen years it will probably be equivalent to a suburb, connected by frequent trolley with Baltimore.

After all delays and in spite of all difficulties, at length in September, 1869, the Scholasticate on the heights of Woodstock was completed and ready for occupancy. In the previous January Fr. Joseph O'Callaghan, Procurator from Maryland to Rome while returning with Fr. Joseph Keller, Procurator from Missouri, was killed in a storm in mid-ocean, as is well known; and in a sermon at his obsequies in St. Ignatius' Church, Baltimore, Archbishop Spalding announced that he was returning with his commission as Provincial. That does not seem to be certain; but on the 15th of August, 1869. Fr. Keller was installed provincial of Maryland, and it was known that Fr. Paresce was to be first Rector of Woodstock. About this time two scholastics at Loyola College, Baltimore, were one day sent with a message to Archbishop Spalding. He received them in his usual kind and cordial way and, as they were going, he expressed his congratulations on the future of the Society. For he believed, he said, that with Fr. Keller as Provincial, whom he had ordained in the West and held in great esteem, and with Fr. Paresce, his friend and trusted adviser, appointed Rector of the new house of studies, the Society would surely have renewed prosperity.

Fr. Keller was a German who had been in the United States since a child. He was honest, upright, frank and manly, with great strength of character; he had a

strong sense of duty, with great zeal for the good of the Society and the greater glory of God; and he was a pious and exemplary religious. He possessed literary scholarship of a high order; was a man of superior mind and administrative ability—fashioned to be a ruler of men. He was firm in carring out what, after due thought, he believed right, and seemed steeled against remonstrance or opposition. This made him appear cold; but those who learned his character, saw a kind and tender heart underneath. He showed his firmness in the beginning, against appeals from colleges, by sending to Woodstock, both the scholastics who had been teaching before philosophy and the junior scholastics who hitherto had taken their places.

OPENING OF WOODSTOCK.

It was late in September, 1869, when the different portions of the Woodstock community, from near and distant points, arrived in their new home. There was quite as varied a gathering as nine years before at the opening of the Boston Scholasticate. The Vice-Provincial of Missouri sent a large representation; Fr. Bapst, who during the summer, at the request of the leading Fathers of the New York and Canada Mission to Father General had been made Superior of that Mission, sent also a large contingent. Some of the professors on arriving, when they saw how complete the house was and how well furnished with every convenience, said that Fr. Paresce had worked a miracle. And from the beginning he devoted himself, with his great tact and true charity, to harmonizing the members of the commuuity and making them all contented and happy. It was found that he had already provided a large and valuable library of books, especially in philosophy and theology, which occupied the greater portion of the shelves in the spacious and handsome library hall.

For years while he was Provincial he had been receiving catalogues of the large collections of new and second- hand books on sale in Europe, which he would read in the railroad cars during his visits to the Province; and gradually, with little or no expense to the Province, he had made so large a collection of books in the topmost story of Loyola College, that when the time came in the summer of 1869 to move them to Woodstock, it seemed as if all the old dry-goods boxes in Baltimore were bought to hold them.

On Thursday, September 23rd, the formal and solemn opening of the scholasticate took place. There was a large gathering of Ours on that occasion, including of course many visitors— perhaps the largest gathering of Jesuits that had ever taken place in the United States. Among the number was Bishop Miège S. J., of Kansas, on his way to the Vatican Council at the call of duty; though he would have preferred to return to the Society and remain a member of the Woodstock community, as he really became about a decade of years later.

All who were present on that opening day will perhaps never forget it. Thoughtful ones must have seen a clear evidence of the power and greatness and living vigor of the Society, *Scuto bonæ voluntatis Dei Coronata.* The new Seminary began with a very superior body of professors, learned men and exemplary religious— Italians and Spaniards, who, driven from home by the ill-winds of persecution, were wafted across to Maryland though the efforts of Fr. Paresce, for the good of our Western Republic. The Prefect of studies was Fr. Mazzella, the future Cardinal, an earnest, energetic man, who would have no pretence or show or sham, but serious study and punctual attendance at class and other scholastic exercises.

After a few years of existence the College of the Sacred Heart, for such is the name of Woodstock, on account of its merits became known and famed throughout the whole Society.

It soon may have been said to have educated the Society in the whole of North America. In its fifth year a striking manifestation of its splendid course of philosophy and theology was made to the bishops and leading learned priests of the country, by the masterly public defence of the whole of theology for four hours by Fr. R. Meyer, our present English Assistant at Rome. And this manifestation of its work had the effect of elevating ecclesiastical education in the United States, and was probably a potent cause in leading to the establishment of the Catholic University.

In conclusion, when lapse of time has given sufficient perspective, no doubt the keen eye of the just historian must see in the establishment of the Woodstock Scholasticate by Fr. Paresce and its procedure on its course under his care as Rector, a striking and glorious chapter in the history of the Society of Jesus.

HOUSE TO HOUSE VISITATION OF SAINT IGNATIUS' PARISH, NEW YORK.

A Letter from Father Martin J. Scott, S. J.

NEW YORK CITY, *April, 1904.*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

The Fathers of our Church, St. Ignatius Loyola, New York, have lately been engaged in making a house to house call on the families of the parish for the purpose of finding out how they are attending to their religious duties. Before I begin a description of this work let me say a word about our parish generally. It is peculiar in this respect that it contains two distinct and different elements, the very rich beginning with 5th Ave., and extending East, and the very poor, for the most part, beginning with 2d Ave. and extending West. Between 5th and 2nd Ave. you have every grade of people from the millionaire with his automobile and yacht, down to the poor family that can not pay the rent. There are many destitute families among the poor sections of our parish, but by no means so many or so destitute as you will find in other more crowded parts of the city. In this account I deal almost exclusively with the poorer people. Not that the others are passed over in the visitation, nor that there is a lack of instructive things to record, but I deem it advisable to limit myself to a narration of what is more or less new to most of the readers of the LETTERS.

Ordinarily a pastoral visitation would be commonplace, routine work, scarcely worth recording, but I venture to say that in a crowded tenement district of a cosmopolitan city like New York, it abounds with instructive facts and most interesting incidents. I say in a crowded tenement district of cosmopolitan city like New York.

One of the tenements in my route contained fifty-six families numbering three hundred and seventeen persons. It was a double front tenement with two narrow hallways about three and one-half feet wide. Four families lived in the front and four in the rear making eight

families to a floor. As there were seven stories in the building and every apartment was occupied, you can see where the half hundred families lived. Now the ground area of this tenement is not greater than the floor space of the Woodstock refectory. And yet on this crowded building were living over three hundred men women and children.

The work of visiting the parish was divided among seven Fathers. When you consider that our parish does not cover quite a square mile, it may seem strange that seven priests should be required for the visitation. But before I finish describing it I feel positive that you will think that fourteen could be profitably engaged instead of seven. My territory was 84th and 85th Streets from 2d to 5th Avenue. Employing all the spare time I could, from two to four hours a day, it took me over six weeks to barely see the families. The after work of revisiting the cases which demanded special and repeated care took me a much longer time.

To give you an example of making haste slowly, I have spent a whole afternoon in visiting the families of one tenement, representing just one street number. Of course that was an exceptional case, a large house and many of the families Catholic, some of them requiring a good deal of religious attention. Imagine your entering a house at 2 P. M. and leaving it at 5 P. M. and on consulting your note book finding you have advanced one street number! In that same time you could go through half a village or through an entire street of an ordinary town. Well, you begin in the following way. First of all, generally you do not know who are Catholics and who are not in these tenements, and most of our people live in tenements. You might think that the easiest thing to do would be to inquire. But in many of these places nobody knows any one else. Would you believe it—a family on one side of a hall-way does not know the one on the other side, and this is not a rare occurrence. Few on one floor know those immediately above or below. In an account of this kind it is no place to give the reasons and explanations of these tenement facts. The families are moving all the while—to avoid paying the rent. I came across one family which moved nine times in two years. Coming and going this way nobody knows what class of neighbors he has and does not care to know. These are the evils of a crowded section of a great city. I suppose that in London and Paris you may find similar conditions, but no where else.

I have known a person to be dying in the front part of the house, and those in the rear, or on the other side of the hall in the front, did not know of it until the crape was on the door. All this within four minutes walk of Fifth Ave., perhaps the richest street in the world. Well, then, you begin by looking over the names at the entrance to see if any of them are likely to be Catholics. This is a negative way of proceeding, for a family may be Catholic, and yet have a name not at all Catholic. But if you see a name like O'Brien or McCann or O'Toole, you can go to the apartment with some assurance of meeting a friendly reception. After that you inquire, as best you can, about the other families. Sometimes you get information but as often you do not.

Frequently it happens that there is no name which helps you to know the religion of its possessor, since apart from the Irish, French and Italian there is no telling what creed a name represents. When you can get no start from the names, you simply have to begin with the basement and go from door to door from cellar to roof asking at each place if it is a Catholic family. Sometimes a Catholic family will know the others on the same floor or in the entire building, then you are fortunate, for it saves you labor and, I may add, the embarassment of rapping at every door and asking if they are a Catholic family. Sometimes they look at you with suspicion, thinking you are a fakir, for these districts abound in crooks, agents, pedlers and undesirable people of all kinds. Again they wont open the door at all but will shout from within, "Who is it, what do you want?" Of course, they dont know you, and you don't know what to say. If you answer, "Its all right, its a priest," they will ignore you altogether if they are not Catholics, but but if they are they will say, "O! Excuse me, Father, I thought it was an agent." In many cases when they come to the door they open it just a little, and then you see that there is a short chain barring further opening from the outside. This is in self protection for one of the dodges of a crook is to have the door open if only an inch and then burst in. The men of the family are away during the day, and as none but the women and children are at home they are at the mercy of desperate men, many of whom are always prowling around.

Once you are in a Catholic family, you begin by inquiring if the old folks are going to Mass and the Sacraments, and if the children are going to Sunday-school. If matters are satisfactory you pass a few general remarks

on their health, occupation and the like, and then go on to the next family. But frequently you are confronted with difficulties which require patience, consideration and sympathy. It seems impossible, but it is so, that a family of good Catholics, desiring earnestly to live up to their religion, and living within a few minutes walk the Church, can nevertheless find no way of attending Mass on Sunday sometimes for six or seven months or even for the space of a year. It happens thus. The father is a rail-road man, either a conductor or motorman on a trolley, or he is a hotel clerk or waiter, or a policeman or a fireman or a stableman. All these occupations require Sunday as well as week day work. As most of this kind of work is done by the poorer and middle class of people a great lot of it falls upon our Catholics. I think it is safe to say that in our parish there are several hundred families whose heads are engaged in the occupations just enumerated. Now on Sunday the father must be at work, and the mother has three or four children ranging from six months of age up to seven years. She can't leave the children alone, and they are too young to go to Mass alone, so there is a whole family kept, by inevitable difficulties, from Sunday worship. This a common case. I met many who with the best will could attend Mass only on Christmas and Easter. In other instances the father minds the children while the mother goes to Mass, and on her return she looks after the little ones and prepares the meals while he goes out to Mass. You can have no idea of the terrible dread these poor people are in on acount of their children. A common complaint which the priest hears from the mother or father is that the children wont obey, and when you investigate you find that the disobedience consists in their merely playing in the street. The parents are afraid of contamination, and rightly so. On the street they don't know what the little ones may see or hear. And yet the poor children where can they go? The Asphalt pavement is their only playground. It is street, or confinement in a dirty, dingy back room, and the boys and girls find the street too inviting to be restrained from it. Yet the parents struggle against the street evil constantly and earnestly. I mean of course those parents who are solicitous for their children. This solicitude is often carried to extremes. For instance I meet one family where there were five children. The eldest was seven years old, and was on the street only three times in her life. They were living on the fifth

floor of a mean tenement, in an apartment of only three rooms, each room not much larger than a scholastic's room at Woodstock. Is it not true that one half the world does not know how the other half lives? This is an extreme case but there are thousands approaching it.

I came upon another family which did not go to Mass because they had no suitable clothes. I mention this particular family not because it was an isolated case—there are hundreds which give the same excuse—but because of another fact connected with it. The family lived on the sixth floor rear, West side. The father was a shiftless man, whose earnings barely paid the rent. The wife picked up a penny where she could, but with all was just able to keep the family together. There were six children, the oldest being eleven years of age. For months at a time they had no meat. Butter was never on their table. Their only food was plain bread and tea, and this constituted their three meals a day, when they had three. Yet in this family, poor, ragged, and hungry, I saw faith and resignation that astonished me. To begin with the names of the children. The oldest, a boy, was named Francis Xavier. Then there was Charles Boromeo and Margaret Mary and Rose Lima. The other names, though good, were not so striking—Michael Joseph and Catherine Isabella. Now, I want to tell you how Francis Xavier got to Mass. His clothes were shabby. On week days he did not mind the comparison with the other boys, but his week-day and Sunday suit was the same, and his Celtic pride winced at a Sunday comparison. But Francis Xavier had a tender conscience and a very pious mother, so here is the way he got to Mass and got back home again without compromising his æsthetic sense. The Children's Mass begins at 9.30. Francis Xavier got there at 9.35, just after the others were seated, modestly took his seat in the rear of the church, and was out again just after the last blessing, before the other children started. The mother and several of the children had not been out of the house for seven months previous to my visit. She said she was getting together some clothes for them so that she could take them out for a little fresh air. You might like to know what these poor people pay for rent. All these items are useful, as an understanding of the people enables you to know better how to deal with them and what to expect from them. For a flat, consisting of three rooms in the rear of the tenement they pay about

$9.00 a month. This is the lowest rent that I heard of. The same rooms at the front demand two dollars more.

But three rooms are too great a luxury for some. I found a number of families who hired a flat in the following way. Two families, consisting of father and mother and two or three children each, would jointly rent a three-room flat. The kitchen was common property, the front room was parlor, dining room and bed room for one family, and the only remaining room served the same purpose for the other family.

Now, don't understand me to mean that this represents the average New York tenement life. I am recording what I actually saw in our parish, and a condition of affairs which exists to a greater or less extent in every parish of the city, especially from Third avenue to the river on the East side and from Ninth and Tenth avenues to the river on the West side, as well as throughout the greater section of the city below Tenth street. Three-fourths of the people of the city live in the sections just mentioned, and while it is true that here and there among the poorer tenements there are industrious families with bright, clean homes, nevertheless the majority, on account of poverty, drunkeness and the force of surroundings, live in a way that would draw tears from anyone who sees the conditions for the first time. Before I got accustomed to it I used to return home sick at heart after every visit among them. Nobody sees these places as a priest does. If a reporter or a sightseer or an official of any kind comes along all information and inspection is refused to him. But to the priest all is laid bare—they have no secrets and no misery to hide from him. Even the priest does not see things as they are when he goes on a sick call, for then they know he is coming and make ready for him. But on the visitation you rap at the door, usually the kitchen door, and you find the mother over the wash tub, or at the ironing board, or over the stove cooking, and the children on the floor, generally. I have gone to twenty places in succession and found things very much as above. Of course this applies only to the real tenement district. As you leave Third avenue towards Fifth every block presents improved conditions, until between Park avenue and Madison, and especially between Madison avenue and Fifth, you have palatial residences and ideal conditions. But there are as many families in one house between Second and Third avenues as there are in a whole block between Madison and Fifth. You feel perplexed at some of the

places you have to enter, particularly beyond Third avenue. The ground floor may be occupied by a saloon and the side entrance to the saloon is often the hallway of the tenement. Again, the corridors are oftentimes so narrow and dark that they require to be lighted by gas even during the day. Often the gas is extinguished and you have to grope your way along as best you can. Many of the janitors of these places are Catholics who live down in the cellar. The coal-bin is on one side and a few damp, dark, miserable rooms on the other, and in these catacombs live women and delicate children, made more delicate daily by the bad conditions. Sometimes the rooms are in the rear of the cellar, and then as you enter you look in vain for the human habitation, but on walking about you come across a door leading to a few rooms in the rear, with a single window opening into the back yard. After a while one gets used to all this and is surprised at nothing. For the first few days, however, this going into cellars and over saloons and stables is very trying.

Naturally you desire to know the practical results of this laborious and disagreeable work. To begin with, I may say that it is very much appreciated by the people. When they see the priest taking so much interest in them and going to such pains to inquire about their religious duties it makes them attach importance to their religion. Then again, on account of their frequently moving about from parish to parish, they get careless and indifferent about attending Mass and the Sacraments. The priest's visit shows them the seriousness of their neglect and makes them feel that their carelessness is observed.

Another benefit of the visitation is that many a husband, son, or brother who would resist every other entreaty to make his Easter duty and to attend Mass faithfully yields to the persuasion of the priest. Of course you meet all kinds of people, and considerable tact and kindness must be used, otherwise you only make bad matters worse. With some kindness and reason will prevail; on others all this is lost, and your only weapon is strongly to declare God's judgments. The hardest class to deal with are the triflers, men who laugh at religion and fail to be impressed with the fact that it matters not much what you believe provided you are honest and sober. The priest's visit has a good effect even on these people, for when they see him climbing up four, five or six flights of stairs and spending fifteen minutes

or a half hour persuading them to live up to their religion it can not fail to impress them with its seriousness.

Then there are wayward boys to be met with—unruly lads who refuse to go to Mass or Sunday school, no matter what efforts their parents make. Personal contact with the priest introduces a new element into their lives, and frequently, after every other influence has failed, this succeeds. I don't wish to be understood as saying that every incorrigible lad is reformed by this effort, for some will go headlong to the devil no matter what is done for them. But time and again the priest's efforts accomplish what nothing else succeeds in doing. Another benefit of the visitation is indirectly received by the people and directly by the priest. You get a knowledge of your flock, of their condition, wants, temptations, difficulties and tribulations, which enables you when speaking to them individually or preaching to them from the pulpit to say what is pertinent and helpful. Any man who goes systematically among the people will not preach a merely academic sermon. I don't wish to say that this working among them will make an orator out of a man, but if he has at all the capacity of speaking it gives him an efficacy not otherwise attainable; that is, if he is really sincere and earnest.

The visitation is only the beginning, I may say, of the visitation. It is a survey only. The priest has with him a note book in which he enters anything which calls for further attention. The father of a family is out when you call. You learn from the wife that he does not go to Mass, or that he has neglected his Easter duty. Very well; you inquire the hour he is likely to be at home in the evening and drop in on him. Or a son may be neglecting his religion altogether on account of drink or gambling or keeping bad company. He works during the day and is not in when you call. You make a note of the case and see him in the evening. Unless the visitation is followed up by afterwards visiting and revisiting those who need attention it fails of its most beneficial results.

I met a family which was prevented from going to Mass by a husband, who was a Protestant, and who threatened them with blows if they should go. I called on him in the evening, and got talking on indifferent topics to begin with. Gradually we came to religion. He said that he always got on pretty well without it, and did not see the need of it. I asked him if he thought a man was living a good life who was dishonest or did

not live up to his obligations. He replied that that was his very point, that he was always an honest man and paid his honest obligations. I then referred him to his solemn promise and written engagement before marriage not to interfere with his wife's or children's religion. I held him to the point, and showed him that, whether he feared God or not, he must keep his promise or else renounce his claim to being an honest or honorable man. The result was that he renewed his promise and we became friends, and I now have hopes of his becoming a Catholic.

Another case worthy of record was that of a woman who was the mother of fifteen children, all of whom she had baptized Catholics, although her husband and herself were not Catholics. She was living down in a cellar, and I almost missed her altogether. It was late in the afternoon when I got to her abode, after I was quite fatigued with stair climbing, bad air, tales of woe, and other disagreeable things. I was going to pass by, thinking, perhaps, it was not a Catholic family, judging by the name, when I said to myself it is better to take no chances. I rapped, and said: "Is this a Catholic family, please?" She did not look like a Catholic—you know what I mean—and I was about to withdraw, when she said: "Well, not exactly." "Oh!" said I, 'what does that mean; you are the very person I want to see. May I come in?" So I entered and talked the matter over and found that she was an Episcopalian, nominally at least, and that she had her children baptized Catholics because she thought it was the best religion for them. "And if for them, why not for you," I said. "Well," she replied, "my husband would kill me if he knew I became a Catholic, but with children it is different; he does not seem to mind." So I asked for the husband. She said she was afraid to have me meet him, as he would get furious if I touched on religion. I told her I could handle him, that he was just the kind of man I liked to meet. So I arranged to call on him. As yet I have not found him in, but it's only a question of time, and I have hopes that I shall be able to at least mollify him. On my rounds one day I was told that a family on the other side of the hallway was Catholic. I rapped at the door with assurance. On saying, "This is a Catholic family, I presume?" I got the answer, "No; it is *not*," with emphasis on the *not*. I knew thereby it was. After some guarded manoeuvering I succeeded in turning the enemy's flank, and getting on a confidential basis. She

had married a Jew, and this is the bargain she made—it is the strangest thing in all my experience. She was a Catholic. Before marriage she asked her husband to turn, as they say. He said he would give up some if she would. If she would give up Catholicism, and become an Episcopalian, he would give up Judaism and become an Episcopalian, too. His instinct for barter was strong even in religions. She agreed; and ever since he was a faithful Episcopalian, and herself likewise, both going to the Protestant church regularly. The worst of it was she was not uneasy over it. Well, to make it short, I got her to return to the practice of her religion, and I now have the man under instruction, which I trust will cause him, also, to become a Catholic.

These, dear Father, are some of the facts and incidents of the visitation we are now engaged in. I merely record my own experience. Others have met with more or less the same. Of course, like everything else, there is visitation and visitation. It might be gone through with perfunctorily or carelessly, and seen only on the surface might seem to be of little importance or signification. But I am persuaded that if it could be done regularly, earnestly and conscientiously in every parish in the country or the world, there would not be that leakage so much complained of, nor should we have so many Catholics in name, but whose lives reflect discredit on the Church of God. If my brief remarks and experience will extend the horizon of information and efficiency of even a few of your readers, I shall be gratefully repaid for the time I have given to record them.

Commending myself and my work to the prayers of your Reverence,

I remain sincerely yours in Christ,

MARTIN J. SCOTT, S. J.

TWO MONTHS AMONG THE LUMBERMEN OF ONTARIO, CANADA.

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME MISSIONS TO THEM.

A Letter from Father Descoteaux, S. J.

ST. ANDREW-ON-HUDSON, *October, 1903.*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

After passing my "examen ad gradum" last May, as I was fatigued and needed repose and some change, Father Filiatraut, then Superior of our Mission, proposed that I should find this rest by some work in the ministry among our western missions. I accepted the proposal with pleasure, and left Montreal on June 12 en route for Massey.

Massey is a village of Algona County, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, on a branch of the great Northern Pacific, uniting Sault-Sainte-Marie to Sudbury. Here we have a small church and residence which form a centre for our missions. The two Fathers living at this residence visit all the stations on the Saulte-Sainte-Marie line, comprising Nairn and Spragge, with certain islands in North Channel, viz., John's Island, Aird's Island and another island which is without name, where is situated what is known as Spanish Boom No. 1. I was to help the two Fathers in their work, and I was sent to visit all the territory between the Sault-Sainte-Marie and North Channel, Spragge (called, also, Mills), and Spanish Station, besides the islands I have just mentioned.

Algona County is a new country, opened to colonization only a few years ago and is called New Ontario. Little attention is paid to agriculture; the gold and copper mines and the forests form the riches of the country. The mines which are being worked are chiefly around Sudbury; while the traffic in wood is along North Channel, either along the shore or in the islands. The logs are floated down Spragge and Sandy rivers, especially the latter, and Spanish river. At the mouth of this last river there is a little island without name where are situated the headquarters of the Sable and Spanish Boom

Company. It is called by the people Spanish Boom No. 1. This company undertakes to sort out the logs belonging to the different companies, and for this purpose has established booms at the mouth of Spanish River to keep the logs from passing. These booms consist of a kind of sorting jack, as it is called, where the logs enter pell mell, and from this pool they are drawn out and lodged in little reservoirs belonging to the different companies. Here the logs are collected into rafts and towed to the great saw mills at Aird's Island, Manitoulin, etc. Some hundred and fifty men are occupied in this work of sorting the logs, from the opening of the ice in spring till the freezing of the river in autumn, and there are not enough to do all the work. Another camp of seventy men upon another island do the same work. This will give you some idea of the amount of work done here for lumber.

The appearance of the country is not attractive. The traveller in the train is generally satisfied with a glance through the window. If asked for an appreciation he will say, probably, "What an ugly country!" The impression is not more favorable to pedestrians. All there is to see is naked rocks, trunks of trees blackened by fire, and brush wood, with here and there a little valley or a little brook to break the monotony of the landscape.

The population is constantly changing and is composed of all nationalities—Americans from Bay City and Saginaw in the State of Michigan, French Canadians from Quebec and Ontario, Irishmen from Canada and Ireland, Englishmen, Ontarians, Danes, Swiss and Finlanders. The people are divided into distinct classes—grand proprietors and working men.

The grand proprietors are American capitalists from Bay City and Saginaw who have become British citizens. They formerly had large saw mills at Bay City and Saginaw, where for several years the Michigan forests supplied them with logs. When these were exhausted they crossed the border and purchased logs in Canada and transported them to Bay City or Saginaw by rafts across Lake Huron. In this way the Canadian forests were destroyed to the profit of the United States. There were naturally many complaints till a law was passed putting a high tax on all logs sent out of Canada. This protective tariff was, of course, the death of the saw mills at Bay City and Saginaw.

It will not be uninteresting to say a few words about the kind of men who work in the saw mills. They are a

horde of adventurers, a collection of men without home or country. Each one is a kind of Jack-of-all-trades—in winter they are woodcutters, in spring they become raftsmen, whilst in summer they move in caravans from saw mill to saw mill. It is quite usual for them to change their abode every month, and to wander from village to village. They quit their employer at the very first difficulty. "You're not satisfied," they say to him. "Give me my wages; I'm going."

If it is a married man who is leaving, he puts his kitchen ware in a box and his clothes in a trunk and takes the train, with his wife and children, for the next station. If he is an unmarried man, he puts all that he owns into a bag which he fixes on his shoulders and moves off to some other place with his friends. They all call themselves "voyageurs"—that's their professional appellation. If you ask them what they are doing, they always answer:

"I am a 'voyageur.' It's a miserable kind of life, Father; I'm thinking of giving it up." But, despite their thinking, they keep on tramping.

I once said to a Scotchman:

"Where do you live?"

"Everywhere and nowhere," was his answer.

"What is your country?"

"I have none; my country is where I hang up my hat. I was born in Scotland, and that's all."

I know a family which lived in six different villages within two months. The workmen often travel in bands of six or ten, or even twenty, and you have to hire the whole band or none at all. This is why the bosses have a hard time in keeping their men; if one goes, twenty may go. They are all ignorant men, and the missionary has to become a universal secretary and read and write their letters for them. They are, moreover, gamblers; they drink and swear; and yet, depite all this, they have the Faith—they assist at evening prayers, they attend Mass on Sunday when they can, and go to confession and Communion once a year. In this, at least, they are superior to the Protestants among whom they live. Such were the people whom I was sent to evangelize; as for the Indians, of whom I shall say a few words later on, I was not commissioned to devote myself to their care. I shall be beset on all my journeys by a phalanx of very active Protestant ministers, who endeavor by every means in their power to counteract the influence of the missionary. They will take the train with me and

get off where I get off; when I get aboard the boat they will be there before me, chatting together on the deck; wherever I give catechism instructions they will hold their Sunday school classes.

So much for the geography and the environment; now for the work. I remained for a week at Massey doing the ordinary routine work and receiving instructions from the priest who was to yield to me for a time the care of a part of his missionary field. I was instructed to spend fifteen days in each of the various villages, and to employ myself in teaching catechism and preparing the children for First Communion. I took with me a portable chapel, a large supply of French and English catechisms, of prayer books, rosaries, medals and scapulars; all these were absolutely necessary for my ministry, for in that section of the country there are no book stores, and so the missionary is obliged to see that such objects of piety are not wanting. I took, also, an umbrella, because it always rains there when you are travelling. I carried my overcoat along, too, and it was well I did, for frequently it was the only covering I had to pass the night in. I had a valise weighing fifty pounds; this does not seem much when travelling by train or boat, but it becomes heavy when one has to lug such a cargo for two or three miles.

I was to begin my apostolic labors on John's Island, and started out from Massey on the 20th of June. My Superior traced out for me my plan of campaign in these few words, "Do the best you can, and write to me now and then."

I took train to Cutler, where I embarked on the steamer "Davidson" for John's Island, which lies at about forty minutes' distance to the west from Cutler. The "Davidson" has this advantage over other boats, that it does not follow any time table; it arrives at the pier at any time and starts at any time, so that the would be passengers may have to wait for a long while; moreover, there is only one deck on the boat, and the best part of this is reserved for the transportation of cattle—the rest is at the disposal of the passengers.

I got ashore as best I could just in front of the saw mill on John's Island, and carried my luggage with me as far as the village, which is situated at about five minutes' walk from the landing. In order to let the people know that I was coming, I had written to a family of the village announcing that I would come to sing Mass there on the 21st of June. As I entered the village

I received a regular ovation, all the Catholic women came out with their children to meet me.

"Good day, Father," said the women, "is it true that we are going to have High Mass to-morrow? That is a happiness we never had here yet. How glad we are! Our priest comes to visit us only once in every three months."

The little children said to each other:

"We are going to make our First Communion."

The advent of an humble missionary in this village caused as great a flutter as would have been produced in Montreal by the coming of an American circus.

The Protestant school house had been transformed for the occasion into a chapel; the walls were covered with white cloths on which were fastened countless little pious pictures, whilst something that was to serve as an altar had been erected near the chimney-piece. A woman put her house at my disposition for the night, and went to find a lodging for herself and her three children wherever she could find one, and someone else undertook to furnish me with my meals until Monday.

I will not endeavor to give a description of John's Island, for it is beyond description; imitating Proteus, it takes the most varied forms. It is a bank of sand interspersed with rocks and covered here and there with brushwood; its only produce consists of strawberries, raspberries and blueberries. The island itself is a very unsightly piece of land, but by climbing up the rock near the school house one can get a beautiful outlook over North Channel. The saw mill gives the island its importance. The population numbers about two hundred souls. There are fourteen families living on the island, and nine of these are Catholic; the rest of the population is composed of old bachelors, widowers, and husbands living far away from their wives. These are all poor, being victimized by the company for whom they work. This company which controls the saw mill owns a large portion of the island and holds in its possession all the houses, the stores, the wharves, and even the post office, and the employees are obliged to buy from it all their supplies, and thus it comes to pass that the father of a family, though he earns from two dollars and a half to five dollars ($2.50–$5.00) a day, is unable to save up anything from his wages. The workmen who have no families live at the boarding house, which is also a gambling house. The company takes back with one hand what it gave out with the other, and so merely

changes its money from one drawer to the other. This same system is followed out in all the saw mills which I visited.

It was on a Saturday that I reached John's Island, and that very evening I gathered the people together in the school house. These good souls are for the most part famishing for exercises of piety, and when the missionary comes among them he has to have prayers in common, he has to preach in French and English, and recite the Rosary, showing due consideration to both languages by saying one decade in French, the next in English, and so on. As for the members of the congregation, each one answers all the prayers in his or her own language. I announced that the High Mass would begin on the following morning at ten o'clock. All went on very well and the entire congregation was present for the Mass; the two chanters did their very best, though, to tell the truth, they shouted rather than sung throughout the Mass. But, no matter, the people were delighted.

"It reminded us of our native village," was their comment.

I had to preach, in both languages, to an audience of about eighty persons. In the afternoon, from three to four o'clock, I gave a catechetical instruction, and at half past seven Vespers wers sung and I gave two more sermons, one in French and one in English. Though the number of sermons may seem surprisingly great, still the people want to have them, if not out of sentiments of piety, at least for the sake of the distraction they afford. There is no means of amusement in the island at all, not even a hand-organ, and if a priest comes along who can talk without hesitating and has a strong voice he is looked upon by the people as something marvellous.

As the day wore on I perceived that I had caused a commotion among the people. I had announced at the Mass that morning that I intended staying in the village for two weeks. The family with whom I was taking my meals were in consternation at the thought of the expense I would cause them, and the other families were disturbed by the same dread. Their uneasiness was not unreasonable, for they were all in cramped circumstances; their journey from Bay City to the island had forced them to incur debts, and, moreover, they would be able at the end of the month to draw only a portion of their wages. The chief source of their anxiety was not selfishness, but the fear of not being able to entertain me as

was becoming. These workmen wish to receive the missionary in a manner worthy of a king, and when the priest is not generously entertained it is because his host has not a cent left in his pocket. Evidently there was here a difficulty to be settled. I endeavored to get the lumber company to support me free of charge, but that was useless; the company had been incorporated to do business and to make money, and not to practice works of charity. I resolved, therefore, to spend one day with each family. This was humiliating, as in practice it was equivalent to begging my meals from door to door. In the beginning I found it hard, but soon became used to it; and afterwards I followed the same plan wherever I went. This plan has many good points in its favor; by following it the missionary avoids imposing too great a burden on any one, he becomes acquainted with the different families, and is able to do them a great deal of good. It was in this way that I learned that between these families there had existed quarrels for many years, and that for a long time past the women would not speak to each other. It was my duty to bring about a reconciliation, and with this end in view I determined to form a choir of women and young girls to sing hymns at evening prayers. My little scheme worked to perfection; all those who had any voice came to the first rehearsal, and naturally began to converse together. All went well during my first stay in the village, but, alas! when I returned after a month's absence it was only to find the spirit of discord once more at work, which is a proof that charity alone, and not music, is the true bond of union between human hearts.

Sunday is the most interesting day for the missionary; he is kept continually busy and comes in contact with all the people. The week days offer few occurrences of interest, and the missionary leads a solitary life, although in my own case I had the little children to occupy my spare days. My hour of rising was the same as that of the workmen, namely, five o'clock. I said Mass at half past seven, and taught catechism from nine to eleven o'clock in the morning and from two to four in the afternoon; the other hours of the day being devoted to the recitation of the breviary and to the preparation of my sermons. I spent my recreations on the shore of the island, either sitting on a rock or else walking up and down on the sand that had been hardened by the waves. It was useless to try to find a man to converse with, for the workmen do not get away from the saw mills until

eight o'clock in the evening, their working day being twelve hours long. I used to remain in the school house until ten in the evening, as that was the most favorable time for hearing the confession of the men. Every once in a while a workman in shirt sleeves and with his pipe in his mouth would come up and ask me for a pair of scapulars; that was a way of saying he wanted to go to confession. I had the happiness of reconciling to God some who had not been to confession for four or five years; this was my great consolation and, so to speak, my reward.

On the fourth of July I administered First Communion to six little children, and on the same day left John's Island with bag and baggage for Spragge.

Spragge is on the mainland at the mouth of the Serpent or Spragge River. It is an Indian word meaning "serpent," and the name is a perfect description of the river that bears it. This river flows into the North Channel. In the old atlases Spragge is called Cook's Mills, on account of its saw mill. The village is built on the bare rocks. The saw mill is lower down near the river, whilst the church and the missionary's bedroom are situated in a beautiful little valley about a half mile away from the village and near the Serpent River at the point where it empties into the North Channel. A more beautiful site for the house of God could not have been chosen. The panorama is superb. The church has been completed this year, 1903, by the efforts of Father Ferron, who knew how to dispose most advantageously of the money collected by his predecessors. The cost of the building was not more than fifteen hundred dollars ($1,500.) The only thing to be regretted is, that the church is in the midst of the Orangemen and at too great a distance from the Catholic population; but, owing to circumstances, it was, I know, impossible to build elsewhere.

The proprietor of the saw mill has been for several years past a practical Catholic—the only one among all the proprietors in that region. He is the first to enter the church for Holy Mass and the other religious services and his workmen are proud of him.

"There is a rich man," they say, "who does not believe that God is for the poor only."

On my journey from John's Island to Spragge I had an adventure. I should have left Cutler at seven o'clock in the evening, but the train was four hours late, and so it was about midnight when I arrived at Spragge. Every-

body was asleep. Two "voyageurs," who had got off the train with me, came up to me and said:

"Where can we find a hotel?"

"There is none," I answered; "and the boarding-house receives only the workmen."

"Do you know of a house," said they, "where we could ask for hospitality?"

"I know of none."

"Where will we sleep, then?"

"Out in the open air," was my reply.

"It is too cold," said they.

Thereupon I invited them to pass the night at the church. My offer was accepted, and my guests took charge of my valise. I then led them on among the rocks to the sacristy, which served, also, as the missionary's room, where we arrived at half past twelve. I gave them my mattress and bed clothing, and wrapping myself up in my overcoat went to sleep on the spring mattress. The next day was Sunday, and we were to have High Mass. At nine o'clock my two "voyageurs" left me, under pretense of going to get their breakfast, and then spent all the morning in gambling, instead of coming to Mass—an illustration of the moral status of these "voyageurs." I consoled myself by thinking of the words of our Lord: "I was not sent but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel." Math. xv., 24.

I gave catechetical instructions as I had done at John's Island, and followed the very same plan of life, as the circumstances were the same here as there. I desired to baptize a little girl whose mother was a Catholic whilst the father was a Protestant; but it was impossible. Such is the result of a marriage improperly contracted; that is to say, before a Protestant minister. I thought, also, that I would convert a young Protestant girl who attended the catechism instructions, but in the end her parents interfered and prevented it. On the seventeenth of July I gave their First Communion to two little girls, and then started for Cutler.

Cutler is a village of whites planted within an Indian reservation called Kenabutch, which signifies "Perhaps." It is situated on the railroad one mile east of Kenabutch. It is not marked down on the old maps. The Catholics of Cutler have no church of their own, but go to that of the Indians at Kenabutch. The whites have High Mass once a month, whilst the Indians have it less frequently, owing to the fact that Father Richard, who has charge of the Indians, has a very large territory to visit. The

two missionaries live in the sacristy; as there is but one bed, whenever the two happen to come there at the same time one of them has to sleep on the floor. When I arrived at Kenabutch there was great excitement in the village; one hundred and twenty Indians had assembled there, for it was pay day, and the government agent was expected. The government, in fulfilment of an old treaty, pays annually the sum of four dollars ($4.00) to each Indian; the father of a family applying for the money due to himself and his children. Father Richard takes care to be present on pay day, as it offers him a good opportunity to see the members of his flock; it is then that he finds out what children have not yet been baptized, and it is then, too, that he obliges those who are unlawfully united to separate. Money is able to effect what morality failed to secure. There was in the village a whole army of peddlers, who had come to fleece the poor Indians; there were, also, a number of dealers in intoxicating liquors, but Father Richard made them leave at double quick pace. When money is plentiful rejoicing is in order, and so the Indians held a ball that very evening in the school house just opposite the church. Each one had to pay for admission, the money being intended for repairing the old dock at Kenabutch; soft drinks also were sold. Only men were allowed to attend. The Indians danced from ten o'clock in the evening until six the next morning. During all the night I did not hear any shouting or singing, but only the rhythmic beat of heels striking upon the floor. There was no music. The next day Kenabutch relapsed into its usual stillness. Kenabutch is a village consisting of a dozen houses or cabins. There is, at least according to external appearance, a chief, but he has neither legislative or executive power; his chiefdom is an empty title, merely giving him the privilege of keeping the key of the church in the absence of the missionary, and of entertaining in his house the government agent on pay day. "Vanitas vanitatum!"

When I arrived the Indians came to greet me. Their first question was,

"Do you speak Indian?"

"No," I answered; "but I speak French and a little English."

They turned their backs on me and that was the end of our communications; no one said a word to me after that, and not a single one of them would attend my Mass. I was the white man's missionary, and not

the Indians'; this they thought excused them from attending Mass on Sunday. Father Richard told them in their own language that my Mass was the same as his, but they persisted in staying in their cabins. Such is the effect of race prejudice.

The Indians of Kenabutch are in some respects different from those described by the first Canadian missionaries. They dress as we do; they do not go hunting or fishing, and in place of bark canoes they have little sail boats. But from another point of view they resemble in more than one way the Indians of long ago. They live penned up in little houses whitewashed on the outside but very dirty inside; they set up their cabins or tents near some little stream; in this stream they wash their clothes; on it, too, their children paddle about, and from it they draw their drinking water. Each family has a kitchen garden, in which the vegetables are choked by the weeds. The wife works all day long and does all the chores; she chops the wood and digs the garden soil; she washes for the whites and gathers the berries; it is she who supports the family. The husband smokes his pipe, poses near the railway station, at the dock, and near the store, and works when he is tired of posing. During the summer time these Indians have various means of gaining their livelihood. Their principal occupation is picking raspberries and blueberries and selling them; the blueberries especially bring them a good deal of money, because they grow very abundantly in their reservation and sell at a very high price. The blueberry season lasts from the beginning of June until the month of October. The picking is done by the women and little children. Each morning the village becomes deserted; the men go to work or else wander about aimlessly, whilst the women fix a large box on their shoulders and, dragging the little children by the hand, go to the rocks or islands, and come back in the evening loaded down like beasts of burden. They sell their blueberries at the store and return home with supplies of crackers, of which the Indians consume an enormous quantity, as they eat them in place of bread. Instead of lock and key at the door, two iron hooks tied with a rag bar the entrance, while the faithful dog, asleep under the door-steps, protects the house against thieves during the day time. The men load the boats when any are at the docks, work at the saw mill when the bosses cannot find any other workmen; or they gather the logs that have

been scattered by the storms and sell them at a very low price to the saw mills.

But I am forgetting the whites. I gave catechism instructions, then, to the little children of Cutler in the church at Kenabutch. I was often obliged to escort my little white children back from Kenabutch to Cutler, as the young Indians used to hide in the bushes to attack them as they passed. Each evening I taught the catechism for two hours to a Protestant who made his abjuration on the thirty first of July, the feast of St. Ignatius. His conversion was due to the prayers of his wife and the zeal of Father Couture. Whilst at Cutler I was forced to walk six miles each day in order to get my three meals, a fact which made the people say that I earned them well. The proprietor of the saw mill is a Catholic Freemason, but as to his Catholicity, his practice of it stopped after he made his First Communion. He is a very generous man, giving the missionaries their meals for nothing, and doing for the church whatever you ask him, only he won't go to Mass or confession. His wife is a Protestant, or, as some affirm, a renegade; their two daughters are fervent Catholics—a state of affairs strange and difficult to explain. On the first of August five little children made their First Communion at Cutler.

Thus ended six well filled weeks. During this time I had been to Massey twice in order to go to confession and to renew my supply of altar breads.

The week which is now beginning is entirely different from the preceding ones: I interrupted my catechetical instructions in order to engage in several daring enterprises, namely, two entertainments, one for the benefit of the church at Spragge, and another for the church, which is not built as yet, at Cutler. Madame Rosa d'Erina and Mr. Vantom, her husband, have undertaken, for the sum of fifteen dollars ($15.00) per evening, to entertain the several audiences. The first difficulty was to find a suitable auditorium. At Spragge I was obliged to use the church for a hall; but it was for a sacred concert; our two artists sang several "Ave Marias" and "Panis Angelicus," and other hymns both in French and in English, whilst the people listened in perfect silence, as if they had been at Mass; not a word was spoken, not the least applause was heard. Another difficulty, which I almost failed to overcome, was to find a musical instrument. The concert could not be given without the help of at least a piano, and for lack of this I was on the

verge of failure and bankruptcy in my enterprise. There was a Catholic who owned an excellent piano, but he would neither lend it nor rent it, and as for buying it, that, of course, was out of the question. The gentleman had no bad will at all, but he was afraid that if he lent the piano it would come back to him in pieces. To tell the truth, in order to reach the church we would have to pass through some very rugged places, and climb up and down rocks; and, moreover, our means of transportation were very imperfect. A Protestant got news of my predicament and offered me his own piano. I replied that I would rent it, but would not borrow it. My answer surprised certain Catholics, who asked me for an explanation. I told them that I could not allow the Protestants to show themselves more generous than the Catholics when there was question of promoting a Catholic undertaking. My remark had its effect, and at seven o'clock in the evening the piano of the Catholic gentleman was placed in the church. The concert brought in a net profit of twelve dollars ($12.00) for the church. Those who think this very little are requested to send a contribution, and I promise that I will write to thank them for it. At Cutler I placed the concert under the direction of the two daughters of the owner of the saw mill. They procured a hall and furnished it with chairs and lamps at their own expense, and handed me over the receipts, which amounted to thirty-five ($35.00) dollars.

I had for several days past been thinking of taking a little rest and going for a short visit to Wikwemikong. Man proposes and God disposes. The superior at Massey, Fr. Tourangeau, was changed and sent to Sault-Sainte-Marie and I was obliged to take charge of the catechetical instructions that had still to be given. I took up once more my portable chapel and made my way to Spanish Station, where I spent fifteen days. At Spanish Station there is a saloon whither all the "voyageurs" of the surrounding country come to drink. The children of the village do not even know the name of the Blessed Virgin, so you can judge how slight their knowledge is. Whilst I was at Spanish Station the people of Buzell's Mill, which is three miles distant, sent me word that they had not as yet had the opportunity of making their Easter duties; so I started out one evening with my chapel on my back and returned to Spanish Station the following morning to continue my catechism classes. On the twenty-first of August I gave their First Communion to four little children; the others were too ignorant.

And now I come to the last stage of my journey, my last week of teaching catechism. I spent it at Spanish Mill, on Aird's Island, at the house of a family of half-breeds. I had two children to instruct and spent five days there, during which I had to suffer from the rain, and from hunger and from vermin. During this time I should have visited Spanish Boom No. 2, but I did not dare do so; the only way to go there was by sail or row boat, and my only companion was a young consumptive half breed. I did not have courage enough to row six miles, and was unwilling to expose myself to the North Channel storms. Consequently I left Spanish Mill on Friday, August 28, and regained Spanish Station by way of John's Island and Cutler. My intention was to spend the following Sunday at Spanish Boom No. 1, a place which I described above.

Spanish Boom No. 1 was a post to be captured; our missionaries had for a long time been anxious to go there to say Mass, but the fear of being repulsed prevented them. The foreman was a Protestant, and had the reputation of not being well disposed towards Catholics. The Superior of Massey proposed that I should make the attempt. There were several reasons why I should go in preference to anyone else: First of all, Spanish Boom was within my territory; then I was missionary only *pro tempore*, and as I was not to stay in that region a failure would not lessen my influence, as would happen in the case of the other Fathers. I allowed myself to be persuaded that I was "the right man in the right place," and, recommending my undertaking to the Blessed Virgin, I set myself to the task. The difficulty was to gain the good will of the foreman, and I determined to try all possible means to secure this. With this purpose in view I thought it wise whilst at Spanish Station to pay him a visit. I have noticed that the Protestants are very much impressed by marks of courtesy shown to them, and may by this means be readily won over. I made a journey, therefore, in a row boat to the island where the foreman lived, but he had got wind of my coming and skipped off to Spanish Boom No. 2, of which he was foreman as well; for Mr. X—— is what they call a "walking boss," having both the Booms under his care. But I was not discouraged, and determined to go to the island every day and to see my man, dead or alive. So I returned to the attack the following day. As the journey from Spanish Station to Spanish Boom No. 1 is rather difficult, the foreman did not expect such an early return

of the missionary, and thus I was able to surprise him in his office. I must confess that it was not without some misapprehension that I crossed the threshold. What, then, was my surprise when the foreman arose and, coming up to me, said,

"Good day, Father; I am delighted to see you!"

I found myself face to face with a fine young man, with whom I had been acquainted for the last two months, without, however, knowing his social position. His cordiality towards me may be explained by the fact that he was paying attention to a young Catholic lady of Cutler, and doubtless thought that he would advance his cause by showing deference to the young lady's confessor. I had no need to urge my point; he was already won over, and when I arrived at Spanish Station on the twenty-ninth of August I had only to make the necessary arrangements for celebrating High Mass. I went to Buzell's Mill in the morning to engage some chanters; I was surprised by the rain and had to pass through a heavy storm. At six o'clock in the evening I started in a row boat for Spanish Boom No. 1, and met another violent storm; one would fancy that the devil was trying to prevent me from landing on the island. At seven o'clock, however, my guide and myself, soaked to the skin, arrived at our destination. At eight o'clock I said evening prayers, gave a sermon and recited the beads in presence of eighty Catholics. At half past nine I went into the dining room to hear confessions. An hour passed before my first penitent came; he had not been to confession for five years. This induced me to wait another hour. After fifteen minutes, however, another penitent arrived, and then ten more in succession. The first comer had sung my praises and had told his companions that I was a fine man, and this set the current of penitents flowing towards my confessional. I finished hearing confessions at about midnight, and on the following morning I had twelve communicants at my Mass; this was the greatest success I had secured.

As you can easily see I accomplished nothing extraordinary during these two months and a half: I gave First Communion to nineteen little children; prepared one Protestant for Baptism; baptized two children; gave the last sacraments to a dying woman, and heard about four hundred (400) confessions. My great consolation is my having lived among the lowly and the poor. Father

Tourangeau did the same work at Walford and Father Ferron in the district situated to the east of Massey. I could say the same of a number of other Canadian missionaries, but I have not the permission to relate their good works.

F. M. DESCOTEAUX, S. J.

MEXICO TO-DAY.

A Letter from Father Charles M. de Heredia, S. J.

ST. STANISLAUS NOVITIATE, FLORISSANT,
MISSOURI, *May 12, 1904.*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

I am at last ready to fulfil your wishes by writing "a long account of 'Mexico To-day' for the Woodstock Letters." To enable you to understand the state of our Society in that country, I shall have to begin with a political and religious view of Mexico with some account of its history in recent times. Perhaps the simplest and clearest way for me to do this will be to answer certain questions which have been put to me by Ours in the United States since I have been living there. And first I have been asked,

Why have you Mexicans been fighting among yourselves for so many years?

I answer. Our civil wars, or rather the Civil War that lasted so many years in Mexico, was a Religious War. The Catholics and the Liberals had each their own policy which was well defined. The Liberals contended for the separation of Church and State, the supremacy of the state over the Church, the secularization of all church property and the destruction of the influence of the Church on society. The policy of the Catholic party was just the opposite,—to maintain the reign of Christ and his church in Mexico.

With the help of France and Austria the Catholics succeeded in establishing the second empire and driving the Liberal Government out of Mexico; but the United States, always the confederate of the Liberals, not only

received president Juarez kindly at El Paso, but even helped him with money and political influence as soon the conditions at home permitted. For from 1861–1866 they were too busy at home with internal troubles to afford assistance to the Mexican liberals; but when the civil war was over, President Johnson notified Napoleon III. that the Monroe doctrine must be respected and sent troops to the frontier to help the Liberals. This bayonet-pointed hint was sufficient. Napoleon III. had got from Mexico the money he wanted, and so he did not concern himself any more about the Mexican empire, but with President Johnson's note as an excuse, recalled the French army. That act turned the whole tide of affairs; Maximilian for lack of help was overthrown and the Liberals assisted by the United States triumphed. With the execution of Maximilian and many others (Generals and Officers of the Catholic Mexican Army,) the seizure of the Church property, the banishment of many Bishops and prominent Catholics, and with the promulgation of the Laws of Reform against the Church, the Catholic party was struck a mortal blow.

Another asked me,

Why are you Catholics, being the majority in Mexico, dominated by a few freemasons; why do you not get the control of your country?

As I have said we tried to get the control and on that account fought so many years. But after the triumph of the Liberals, the animosity of freemasons was so strong, that not only did they shoot many of the Catholic leaders and proscribe or exile others, but in order to prevent for the future the possibility of a lawful Catholic reaction, they passed a law that for any one to get or perform any civil employment, even to teach in a public school, he must take an *oath* that he will support the Liberal Constitution and the liberal Laws of Reform, though they are positively adverse to the rights of the Catholic Church.

No good Catholic could take such an oath. Therefore all Catholics were practically excluded from civil employment, as were the Catholics of Maryland in 1716. Thus Catholics could not take up arms against the Government because their army had been dispersed, their leaders killed or banished and their money and property confiscated. They could not take a seat among the representatives or accept any other civil occupation without betraying their faith and giving great scandal

to the people. They could not even claim or defend their rights, because the tyranny of the Government had prepared for Catholics chains and exile, if they asked for justice. Could the Mexican Catholics, under such circumstances, do any better than pray and wait until God, who is the Master of everything, would have mercy on his people? Such was the condition of Mexican Catholics at the end of the Second Empire.

As a consequence of the Revolution the commerce and industry of the nation remained tied up, and public affairs were in such a state of confusion, that during the nine following years (1867–1876) the public administration could not be carried out. Ambition and rivalry among the Liberals themselves were also an obstacle to progress. But God, who had not forgotten the Mexican people, chose a man, who having grown up during the revolutions would be, as another Napoleon, the restorer of peace and welfare to the Mexican Nation. This man was Porfirio Diaz. The last revolution in Mexico during the past twenty-years, was that which brought General Diaz to the Presidency, (1876). From that time on until now Mexico has enjoyed an era of prosperity and peace.

During his first term (1876–1880) President Diaz tried to check every kind of revolution or disorder. With an iron hand he repressed the liberal revolutionists and highwaymen that from 1868 to 1876 harassed the country. He determined to control the Liberals themselves, and he succeeded. For that purpose he gave money or employment to the majority of the Liberals and thus tried to interest them in business or industry. But a good number of low and rough Liberals still remained living according to their old habits. Accustomed to a warlike, restless life of foray and license, they did not relish the way of order. To overcome them Diaz used two means. First he founded a new Regiment of soldiers called "*Rurals.*" He gathered many of these rough bandit-revolutionists and appointed them officers or soldiers in that Regiment according to their *Merits!* Of course the General of this Regiment was one of the most famous brigands in the country. The aim of this institution was not only to pacify these marauders, but also to keep the country free from footpads. One day President Diaz called the General of the Rurales, whose nickname was "El Chato Alejandro" (Flat-nosed Sandy) and said to him,

"I think, my dear Sandy, that you and your boys are behaving fairly well."

"Yes, sir," answered Sandy, "we are doing pretty well, nevertheless we miss the free air of the country."

"You are right, my dear Sandy," said Diaz "you need the free air. I was thinking of that. I'll give you a job according to your wishes: you must keep the high-roads one hundred miles around the city of Mexico free from bandits; do you understand me?—And look sharp because if I hear of any robbery in your *dominions* your head will not be firm on your shoulders." Since that day no traveller has been molested in the *dominions* of "El Chato." And if some highwaymen did appear they were either hanged from a tree or killed by a bullet in the middle of the road.

The second and strongest means used by Diaz to keep peace in the country was the following. After some admonition, if anyone refused to enter the right path, the President without juridical process gave him three hours wherein to make his confession and last will; and then gave an order to have him shot. There were in the city of Vera Cruz seven freemasons, all "big guns," who were conspiring against the Government. Diaz knew it and sent a note to them saying, "If you want to save your lives, give up your conspiracy." But as they were lawyers and officers of the army and had a high degree in freemasonry, they pooh-poohed the threat. A few days after that they met again to arrange their plot definitely. At the same hour the President learned it by telegram and by return message ordered the Governor of the city of Vera Cruz to have them shut up the same night as malefactors. It was about eleven o'clock at night when the policemen apprehended the seven conspirators and carried them to the fort of "San Juan de Ulua." They were apprised of the sentence and before dawn six were executed; the seventh escaped during the night. In the same way other revolutionist generals were shot. President Diaz did not conceal these executions, but made them known as a warning to other Liberals. Of course the President was bitterly criticized by the Liberals, nevertheless it was the only way to control such people and check revolution.

After the pacification of the country, Diaz organized the public treasury and finances, helped commerce and industry and gave large contracts to different Railroad Companies in order to establish railroads all over the country.

As we have said, the first term of Diaz lasted from 1876–1880; President Gonzales was then elected (1880–1884). This man not only did nothing for the improvement of the country, but really undid what Diaz had done during his first term.

In 1884 General Diaz was reelected and he has remained President from that year until now, that is, twenty years. Under his Presidency the country has advanced rapidly in material progress, as the census and statutes clearly show. The educational advancement is no less marked. In 1884 there were few public schools, to-day there are 12,022 with 825,729 pupils, and the expenses of public education are $6,876,526 yearly. There are in Mexico 139 public libraries, 33 museums and 46 Literary or Scientific associations. The number of newspapers and reviews is 712.

What about the religious question?

I must say that the Laws of Reform against the Church are still Constitutional Laws. According to them no religious community can abide in Mexico. Three priests can not live in the same house even if they be brothers. The property denounced as belonging to the Church must be confiscated. The Church can not possess anything even as a private corporation. All the churches belong to the Government, which can sell them or demolish them "ad libitum," as it did in the city of Mexico with more than twenty churches. Any kind of external worship, even the ringing or tolling of bells, is strictly forbidden. And in the streets the priests cannot wear either the cassock or Roman collar. In a word Mexican Laws of Reform are more tyrannical than the new French anticatholic laws and Combes could even learn a lesson from Juarez.

When General Diaz came into power these laws were in full vigor. At the very beginning of his presidency, however, the Church in Mexico felt that he was not such an enemy as Lerdo or Juarez. One of the first things he did, apparently for the sake of liberalism, but practically in favor of the Catholics, was to abolish the oath which as I have already mentioned, was required for any public office. He established "the *Protest*," that is, instead of taking an *oath* to keep the Laws of Reform aspirants for office must only promise or *protest* to keep them. This simple promise rightly interpreted was not the same obstacle for Catholics as the *oath*, and since that time they have again entered Government positions.

The personal kind relations between President Diaz and Mgr. Labastida, Archbishop of Mexico—who married General Diaz to his present second wife—are a source of peace to the Church. From the beginning of his second term until now Diaz never has persecuted the Church (1884–1904). On the contrary, with his acquiescence six Provincial Councils have been held which would have been strictly forbidden during the days of Juarez. The number of Archbishoprics has increased, during that time from fifteen to thirty-three. The Catholic free schools number 3058 and are distributed all over the country. Priests can now wear the cassock in the streets under their cloak or mantle; I myself travelled in my cassock from the city of Mexico to Laredo, and nobody made a word of comment about it in spite of the Laws of Reform. Nearly every day new religious arrive in Mexico; the Government knows it perfectly well and instead of repelling them, there appeared recently in the semi-official newspaper "El Mundo" the following declaration: "They say that each steamer coming from Europe brings several religious, we have no difficulty in accepting them if they respect our Laws." Such a declaration is a real approbation. In one word, to-day the Mexican Church is freer than it has been for many years. Of course the liberty of the Catholic Church in Mexico is not an ideal one. Very often it gets into trouble, not with the Government, but with the hot-headed Liberals, who, to further their interest by the Laws of Reform, try to bring the Church into trouble. For this reason they denounce every year, before the Court of Justice, some of the fifty convents or religious houses established in the city of Mexico. During the month of February, this very year, our residence of St. Brigida was denounced as a religious house. In order to show how the Government proceeds in such cases I will transcribe a letter I received from Mexico about that visit.

At nine o'clock in the morning Judge Perez de Leon called at our Residence and the following inquiry took place:—

Judge. "Is Fr. Barber—the procurator of the Province—at home?"

The Porter. "Yes Sir, he is in the parlor."

J. "Good morning Father Barber."

Fr. B. "Good morning Sir."

J. "This house has been denounced as a convent, I am the Judge and have come to investigate the charge."

Fr. B. "You ask if this house is a Convent? Yes Sir it is a Convent—the old Convent of nuns of St. Brigida."

J. (Smiling) "All right, Fr. but I must see whether it is a convent *now*."

Fr. B. "You may enter and see the house."

(At Father Provincial's room)—Judge. "Who lives here?"

Fr. B. "In this room we are accustomed to receive the Archbishop, when he comes to see Father Provincial."

J. "All right—and this room?"

Fr. B. "This is my room."

J. "Let us see this other. What are those cassocks for?"

Fr. B. "Some priests use them when they come to say Mass."

(At the refectory)—the Brother, a homely man with a fierce face, waited there—

J. (to the Brother) "Who are you?"

The Brother. "A waiter."

J. "How many are accustomed to eat here."

The Brother. "You see, there are no more than three places, one, two, three."

J. (Smiling) "That is all right; we must go to write the act."

—At Father Provincial's room—

Fr. B. "Sit down Sir."

J.—writing—"I visited the house of St. Brigida; there are but two priests and a waiter. It is no convent at all."

The Judge going out.—"Say," Father B.—"between us—did you receive yesterday a notice of my visit?"

Fr. B. "Yes, my dear Mr. Perez, I received *your* kind notice."

J. "Yes, I told Mr. A. to tell you everything. Now please salute the other Fathers."

Fr. B. "Goodby, Mr. Perez, *we* are very much obliged to you."

That was the whole upshot of the visitation—"Risum teneatis, amici."

And that is the ordinary way of the Government in such kind of visitations, on account of the private orders of President Diaz, in spite of the Laws of Reform.

Is President Diaz a Catholic?

It is a fact that he was baptized and brought up a Catholic. He married a first and second time according to the rites of the Church and the second time after being President, I mean between his first and second term.

His wife and children are not only Catholics, but practical Catholics. Finally he himself claims to be a Catholic. When for the last census of 1900 the census-taker asked President Diaz for his religion he said: "I am a Roman Catholic." But as the enroller objected: you are the President and you must keep the laws. Diaz answered, "I am the President, but I am also a private man, the head of my family and as such I am a Catholic. Put down in the paper that I am a Roman Catholic with all my family." He also says his beads in the evening with his wife. This information I got from faithful sources. Nevertheless it is also a fact that Diaz *was* a freemason before being President. He does not go to Church openly to assist at Mass on Sunday. Is he *now* a freemason? I believe that he is not any longer. The execution of those six high freemasons I referred to, is not a sign of great fraternity. Besides that some years ago Diaz tried to bring about dissension among the freemasons of the strongest lodge of Mexico and he succeeded. There was a schism among them and it is not settled yet. Moreover we see that he does not keep the Laws of Reform at all. These are the facts; God knows the heart.

In brief the state of Catholicity in Mexico is this:—

The Laws of Reform are still constitutional, therefore the Church is always in great danger. But on account of the tolerance of the Government the Church is growing up rapidly and recovering its old influence even openly.

What is the condition of Ours in Mexico?

In 1876, that is at the beginning of the first term of Diaz, there were nineteen subjects in the whole Mexican Province. I call it "Mexican Province" because even when there were so few members they remained independent of every other province and they always bore the name of the "Mexican Province." In 1879 our Novitiate was founded at St. Simon and the Venerable Father Alzola was appointed Provincial of the Mexican Province. Father Alzola was the real Father of our Province and we loved him always as a father and venerated him as a holy man. He was Provincial for twenty years, until his death (Dec. 1899). Under the care of this holy man the Mexican Province has grown in an extraordinary manner. In 1886 there were about 60 members, in 1896 we were 200 and in 1904 we have 260. We have 24 scholastic novices and 12 Brothers and if there are no more, it is for lack of space; we are now building a new house.

Vocations are increasing every day. A great number come from the Sodalities or Seminaries and others from our colleges. We also get some from the Apostolic Schools of France and Italy. Of our 260 members, 156 are Mexicans and the rest are Spaniards, French or Italians. And when I say Mexicans I mean Mexican born, not Indians. There is a confusion of ideas among some of Ours in the United States as they think that Mexican and Indian are synonymous. As in this country they call an American a man born in the United States, even if he be of Irish or German parentage, so we call Mexican the man born in Mexico. We have many old families whose forefathers come from Spain two or three centuries ago; they are not Indians at all; they are of pure old Spanish blood, nevertheless they are not Spaniards anymore, they are real Mexicans; as with you many families in the East that descend from the old English Colonists, are not Englishmen but Americans. We have in Mexico three different kinds of people: the Indian—pure blood—the mixed and the white; all are Mexicans and all speak Spanish and no other language, even the Indians living in the cities and towns. Only in the mountains the real Indian people keep their own dialects. Fathers and scholastics in the Mexican Province are either white or mixed, there are no Indians in the Society except a few Brothers.

The customs of our Province are the customs of our own old Mexican Province, very similar to the customs of the Province of Castile. In spite of the Laws of Reform the Fathers and Scholastics all wear the cassock at home, and the Fathers always go out with cassock. The Scholastics wear secular clothes outside of the house and the Brothers, even at home.

In 1879, the subjects of our Province were 19, nevertheless we had two small colleges, one at Puebla and another at El Saltillo. Besides that we had five residences of one or at least two Fathers. Now we have three colleges. The college of St. Francis Borgia—named in honor of the Saint who was the founder of our old Province in 1571—with 405 boys and 31 of Ours; the College of St. John at El Saltillo with 210 boys and 24 of Ours. This College was founded by Father Velasco in 1878. Father Velasco was appointed Bishop of Pasto, Colombia in 1885 and finally he died Archbishop of Bogotá—Colombia. He was a holy man, and last year we began to take informations with the aim of introducing

his cause for beatification. Then we have the college of the Sacred Heart of Jesus at Puebla, with 195 boys and 25 of Ours. This college was founded in 1872. This year, or at least next year, we will get a new College at Guadalajara. They give us everything we want in order to build the college. They asked for a college in Merida, but we can not undertake it for lack of men. Near half the members of our Province are yet studying in the Scholasticate of Spain, England or the United States. We have no Scholasticate in Mexico and all the Fathers of the Province have been brought up in our Scholasticates of Europe. We have in Tepozotlan, thirty miles from the city of Mexico, the magnificent house of our old novitiate all ready to serve as a large scholasticate. But as it is near Mexico city the Archbishop thought, some years ago, that there would be danger in establishing a scholasticate there. For that reason the superiors are waiting for more favorable circumstances.

I add a few a few words about our boys and their studies.

The boys in our colleges are, with a few exceptions, very pious and study hard. Piety is the virtue characteristic of the whole Mexican people. The Mexican home, I do not hesitate to say, is a model home. The Mexican woman lives for her family alone. She remains whole months without going out but to the Church. She cares for her children more than for herself. The life of the Mexican woman is spent between her family and the Church. Therefore it is not a strange thing that boys brought up in this atmosphere of piety are even too pious. In our colleges we need not worry very much about the piety of our boys. When they come to us three quarters of the work is done. We need only to direct and keep up the good training they bring from home. Of course there are exceptions, but there are few. The hardest work in the colleges is to make the boys study.

Our boys do not study Latin any more. We had the classical studies until six years ago. But on account of the innumerable difficulties that we had, we were obliged to adopt the plan of the public schools from which Latin is banished. The parents require, and justly, that the studies of their boys be valid before the Government. But our colleges are neither recognized nor can they be incorporated as in the United States. Hence the only means of getting the approbation of studies is to present

our boys in the public schools at the end of each year in order to pass their examinations. In doing so we had to adopt fully the plan of the Government, as the Province of Castile has done in its colleges for similar reasons. This change, an evil, has one great advantage; it makes both our boys and Ours work very hard. A final examination in a public school, before a board either rigorous or prejudiced is for the boys a constant stimulant to study. If they do not pass in the public schools, their year is lost; they must repeat the same course. For the teachers, the prospective of a probable failure keeps them at work during the whole year.

A few words, in conclusion, about our ministry. We have no parishes only residences, and yet we have plenty of work. In our Church of Morelia alone the communions on the First Friday of each month are more than 4500. In our residence of Guadalajara two Fathers gave 17 retreats from the 8th of December 1903 until the Holy week of this year. These were eight day retreats given in the churches designated by the Archbishop. Five retreats were for women who numbered 4000; four for men 3200 in number; four for boys, 2000 and four for girls, 2500. Another Father gave in our Church during Lent one retreat for more than 1000 ladies, another for 500 gentlemen and another for 1800 maidservants. In our church at Puebla they have a Sodality of maidservants. That has nearly 600 members. I could add many other things worth knowing but I fear this letter is already too lengthy. Some other time I'll write about our missions.

Ræ Væ infimus in Xto. Servus,
CHARLES M. DE HEREDIA, S. J.

FATHER EUGENE BRADY, S. J.

A SKETCH.

Father Eugene Brady, of the Missouri Province, died in the Franciscan hospital at Joliet, Illinois, June 21, 1903. He was in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and the forty-third of his religious life. His had been a varied and eventful career, both as a boy and as a Jesuit. Every one who knew Father Brady took it for granted that he would die in harness and under peculiar circumstances. So it turned out. He had been ailing for many years, and long before the end came most men in his condition would have felt themselves justified in withdrawing from active work. But his wonderful will power, or, rather, his great zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, kept him up to the very last. He was really a dying man when, on May 31, 1903, he left Chicago for Lockport to preach the Forty Hours. He was saying his Office on the train when he was suddenly stricken with what at first seemed an attack of apoplexy or paralysis, but afterwards proved to be complete nervous prostration. On reaching Joliet, he was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital, where he lingered until June 21st, the festival of his favorite Saint. During this time the good Sisters of St. Francis showed the utmost charity in caring for him, and he was visited daily by his brethren of Chicago, though he was not always able to recall faces or names.

As I said above, his career was eventful, and it might, from different points of view, furnish a useful theme for reflection.

He was born at Bardstown, Kentucky, August 22, 1839, and attended the primary classes connected with our college in that town during the years 1847, 1848, 1849. His father died about this time, leaving the child and his invalid mother in straightened circumstances. Eugene, who already showed some of the characteristics of later life, gave up school of his own accord and tried to lighten the burden that had fallen on his mother. After varied experiences, he secured a position of "train boy" on the old Louisville, Frankfort and Lexington

Railroad. In those early days the principal duty of a train boy was to circulate from car to car with a tin can and two tin mugs and supply water to the thirsty passengers—the modern "cooler" in the corner was unknown. He had, also, to keep tab on the "deadheads," *i. e.*, passengers who rode on free passes or at half fare, and who were expected to get out at the wood piles along the route and help to load the tender with fuel. In order that the deadheads might be recognized their hats were chalked by the conductor. It occurred to young Brady that the train boy might do something more than carry water and watch chalked hats. If he were to supply the passengers with popcorn, peanuts, newspapers, etc., it would be convenient for them and profitable for him. He had the scheme proposed to the president of the road (Mr. Bohler, I think,) and it was approved. I heard from an old official of the Kentucky Central that the boy, Brady, was probably the first to make practical suggestions with regard to this service on the southwestern railways.

It may be supposed that he was not an over bashful boy; but by his brightness and cheerfulness, as well as his remarkable uprightness and maturity of conduct, he won many friends among the regular patrons of the road. Some of the best people in Lexington encouraged him to visit them during his night stop-overs, and continued in after years to take as deep an interest in him as if he had been a member of the family. He was most careful in attending to his religious duties, and in this he was helped by the kindly watchfulness of a Catholic conductor, who considered it a part of his office to watch over the morals of the boys and young men employed on his run.

When, in great part through his endeavors, a comfortable home had been once more secured for his mother, he returned to his studies; for which, as he once said, he actually hungered.

The best idea of the bravery and pathos of this period of his life, which schooled him so thoroughly in self-sacrifice, can be gleaned from entries in a little diary which he kept for many years:

"1850. Removed to Louisville. . . . Attended St. Aloysius College. . . .

"1850–1853. Lived a precarious life, selling papers, buttons, matches, fans, etc. . . .

"1853. Became a train-boy. . . .

"1855. Attended school of the Jesuits. . . .

"1856. Of necessity, returned to railroading. . . .
"1857–1860. Attended St. Louis University. . . .
"1860. July 25, entered the Novitiate."

He brought with him to college, and later on to the novitiate and juniorate, the same enthusiasm and energy of purpose that had characterized him as a boy. In whatever belonged to literature and to piety, he at once took a foremost place among his companions. He had inherited from both of his parents, who were of cultivated literary tastes, a love for good reading; so, during his spare time as a peddler of fans and buttons, as college student, as Scholastic, he studied carefully the best English authors. When train-boy, he spent very little time in reading the papers which he sold his patrons. If business was not brisk, he would retire to a corner of the baggage car and settle down to a serious study of Scott or Thackeray, or the many Southern poets who were growing into popularity just before the Civil War. I have seldom known a man who could more thoroughly enjoy a good novel or poem; yet, owing no doubt to his early struggles, he always managed to get from it some literary profit, over and above the mere recreation which it afforded. A treatise which he composed on English prosody, during the second year of his juniorate, shows how seriously he entered into the study of his favorite authors. Later on, when he was an old man engaged in parish work, he objected to its publication. He considered it behind the times as compared with the theories of Pater, Moulton, Swinburne and others. He never dropped his study of literature.

After his juniorate, he studied philosophy for three years at the St. Louis University—acting at the same time as prefect of the larger boarders and day-scholars. He next taught Poetry and acted as prefect in Cincinnati; and then for three years, was prefect and taught a full class in St. Louis. We then find him at Woodstock where he studied theology for four years, and taught Catechism on Sundays and Thursdays in the woods or quarries, occasionally preaching to the incipient congregation in the College Chapel. In 1874, he acted for several months as pastor of the Rosary Chapel at Florissant, and in September returned to St. Louis. Here, he not only taught a full class, but also delivered a course of Sunday Evening Lectures, which attracted general attention; besides this he gave 112 sermons and exhortations and conducted three important retreats.

The greater part of the next year, 1875–76, he spent in Frederick, Maryland, as a Tertian—acting also as regular pastor of Middletown and Liberty. During this year he conducted thirteen retreats and preached forty-eight sermons. We see how from the very beginning of his priestly career he was in demand for retreats.

In 1876–77 he is back again in Cincinnati, where he is to spend the greater part of his remaining days. Here he acts as pastor, delivers a memorable course of Sunday Evening Lectures, during eight months, hears over 20,000 confessions, and finds time in the midst of these onerous duties to give 185 sermons and exhortations, and to conduct eight retreats. He did about the same work during 1877–78 in Detroit where he was sent to help in building up our new college and parish, and where his name is still held in veneration. However he gave only three retreats, as he could not be spared from his additional work as chaplain of the hospital and the jail.

And so it went on for the next twenty years most of which were spent in Cincinnati. He preached courses of Sunday Evening lectures, which were all carefully written out, never common-place in thought or diction; which dealt with social, liturgical, and dogmatic subjects, useful and interesting to the crowds that flocked to hear him. He had charge of two large sodalities; he gave missions; he conducted retreats to the clergy and to large religious communities; he collected for the church and school; he did routine parish work enough for several ordinary men; he heard, besides this, an average of 20,000 confessions a year, and gave an averge of 150 sermons and exhortations and lectures.

And how did he do all this work? He did it well! He did it well, because his heart was in it, because, as he once said to the present writer, who was trying to moderate his zeal during a mission which we were giving together in Lexington: "There are souls to be saved, do you understand? Souls to be saved! I don't care if this week kills me or sets me crazy. And you oughtn't care if it kills you or sets you crazy. We didn't come into the Society to have an easy time." I must say, however that his zeal was a little too great. We were by his schedule to be on duty from five o'clock in the morning until midnight with intermissions for meals and breviary. On the fourth day the vicar-general, Father Brossaert, stepped in and took away all our faculties during three hours of the day and after half-past eleven at night.

And all the time he was a sick man. No wonder that he broke down: no wonder that he sometimes seemed cranky to men who would think it unreasonable if they were asked to fill only a part of his duties. Between 1897 and 1900 we find him Prefect of the church in Detroit and Chicago, and after a period of hard work, assistant in St. Louis; then he is in British Honduras in constant demand for sermons, missions, retreats. Completely worn out, he was sent back to Chicago for a rest; and he so rested that he gave thirteen missions and retreats before June 1903—when he was seized by his fatal illness on the way to preach the Forty Hours at Lockport.

Some people could not understand Father Brady. If they had gone through his early trials; if they had ever attempted a portion of the work which he accomplished during the past years when overwork had brought on him painful ailments of which he seldom spoke, they would have some insight into the true nature of the man.

His varied experiences told on his character and on his ways of dealing with others. There was in him a strange mixture of refinement, partly natural, partly the result of his mother's early training, and of rough "pushiness" when he had a point to gain. The train boy would sometimes show himself alongside of the sensitive gentleman. He knew no fear, either physical or moral. He was either liked or disliked by most people who had to deal with him: there was no medium. But the greater number liked—all respected him.

The years that he spent in the active ministry, made some of the older members of the Province forget, and concealed from the younger members the fact, that he was at one time considered among the very best of our literary men. His poems were a pleasing feature of the Woodstock celebrations in the '70's. One of them, "The Cardinal's Carnival," afterwards published in the "Messenger," was copied in many papers in this and other English speaking countries. His rare taste—marred at times by the strange roughness alluded to above—showed itself even in his brief exhortations and instructions. It gave a peculiar flavor to the Sunday evening lectures which he delivered for so many years to large audiences in our principal cities.

He had many warm friends among the most influential non-Catholics of Cincinnati, who respected him for his

piety and straight-forward zeal. He thus was able to exercise his ministry in connection with the "Associated Charities," the "Children's Hospital," and also with certain strictly sectarian institutions into which it was difficult for any priest except himself and Father Driessen to find entrance, although there were in them many Catholic inmates.

He had a difficult position to fill as pastor of St. Xavier's since he succeeded Father Patrick Ward who was almost as popular as Father Driscoll had been and whose removal was taken in bad part by most of the congregation. Father Brady gradually made himself acceptable to those who resented the departure of Father Ward. He was not looked upon by the people as a first-class business man; yet he collected large sums of money for the church and schools. The zeal with which he worked up the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was an element in his success. No one—and this should go on record—no one did nearly as much in the United States to propagate the devotion of the Nine First Fridays. He not only spoke of it in our parishes, and in missions and retreats, but he wrote articles, distributed leaflets, and especially put himself in communication with all the bishops of the country, from many of whom, he received letters in connection with a little pamphlet that he had written. A pile of these letters is still in existence.

When a scholastic at St. Louis he had a severe attack of typhoid; during his convalescence he was crossing the yard one day and was knocked senseless by a base ball which struck him in the face. From this he never completely recovered, and the pain in his head was intense, making him display some of his less pleasing quali- Yet he continued to do his work.

He would rise from bed, tired out with the labors of the day and suffering from a crazy headache, to jump on an engine going to a disastrous fire, or to mount a patrol wagon dashing to the scene of some accident. The old Cincinnati firemen and police have stories of his heroism—giving absolution within range of falling walls to people leaping from windows of burning factories—hearing the confessions of the dying in patrol wagons—held back from rushing to the assistance of the victims of a blazing paper mill from which he could not have escaped alive. He was on the spot; he did not come after the danger was over to enquire whether there might be need of his services.

There was a strange thing that happened not once but many times in Father Brady's ministrations. He would be called to a dying person: the messenger would go away leaving the wrong address: Father Brady would go to that address, find some one dying and administer the last Sacraments. On leaving the house he would meet the messenger, learn of the mistake, go to the right house, and find that the person who had first summoned him was suffering only from indigestion or an over indulgence in stimulants.

His work at the County Jail for many years, especially during the month that preceded and followed the "Great Riot" is still remembered by the officials. He converted and prepared for death a number of real and *supposed* criminals.

During the terrible summer in the early '80's, when hundreds died of the heat, and carts had to be substituted for hearses, he did not take off his clothes for a week at a time; he was up and about Buck-town, Sausage Row and the Levee, day and night, until he was at last found lying exhausted on the pavement in the front of the Madison House.

An old Father who knew him well says of him: "Father Brady and I lived together as scholastics and priests. We sometime differed on the advisability of certain undertakings; but it never entered into my mind that he held his position from motives that were not the higher. I never knew him to be actuated by vanity, selfishness or a desire of public notoriety for himself."

Another Father who was intimately associated with him for many years in the ministry, writes "Father Eugene Brady was a religious of solid virtue. He showed it in allowing no pain, difficulty or labor to deter him from his duty. His obedience was, on two remarkable occasions, put to the test: he had to recall and undo the arrangement of undertakings already made public and on which he had set his heart. People thought it strange; but he submitted in silence to uncharitable comment and criticism. His submission merited praise from the very Rev. Father General Beckx."

The Homeless Boy's Friend in an obituary, written by a well known author, says: "Father Brady endeared himself to the people of St. Xavier Parish, in Cincinnati by his long years of loving labors in their behalf. His was the glory of building up the young ladies' sodality of that parish, and to him must be given much credit for spreading the devotion to the Sacred Heart both at home

and abroad. His literary abilities were widely known, and his style was so pleasing that it gave his short instruction and exhortations an attractive charm that drew the people to his feet.

"To the most unfortunate, he seemed to be sent by God as a rescuing friend. He visited them at the Jails, in the slums, wherever he could find his unfortunate brothers. A number of seemingly miraculous happenings are narrated concerning his work among the lowly."

No doubt much of his unceasing workfulness came from a naturally energetic character; but this would not have kept him up in his labors and trials, especially after his nerves had been shattered by overwork and trouble. His fervent piety, his pure zeal for the Glory of God, and, above all, his intense devotion to the Sacred Heart supported him.

THREE WEEKS' MISSIONARY LABORS AMONG THE CHIPPEWAS AND WHITES OF NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

A Letter from Father Specht, S. J.

HOLY CROSS MISSION,
WIKWEMIKONG, ONTARIO, *August 19, 1904.*

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:
P. C.

When, at the close of the eight days' mission which I gave in Odanah, in September, 1902, an account of which appeared in the WOODSTOCK LETTERS for March, 1903, I was about to bid farewell to the good Franciscan Fathers, one of them, Father Norbert Wilhelm, Rector of Holy Family Church, Bayfield, Wisconsin, remarked to me: "Well, Father, you may expect to be called upon again, some time, to procure a like blessing elsewhere."

A year passed, and no call came, so I thought it was all forgotten, when, about the middle of last February, my Superior received from Father Norbert a request to have me go over to Bayfield, to give his people an eight days' mission, and two others, for the same length of time, one at Buffalo Bay, and the other at Lake Courtes-

Oreilles Reservation. The necessary arrangements having been made, I left Wikwemikong at a very early hour in the morning of April 5 for Little Current, whence, the following morning, I took the stage across to Massey on the mainland, a distance of some twenty-two miles.

Having arrived there in good time, I boarded the Canadian Pacific express, which in a few hours brought me to Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, just in time to miss the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic passenger train, our own train having met with a break down, which delayed us considerably. This delay gave me an opportunity of visiting our Fathers in that town. I left Sault Ste. Marie at 6 o'clock the following evening, and it was not till half-hast eleven the next morning, April 8, that I arrived at Bayfield, a distance by rail of but 365 miles. This does not look like fast travelling, but I ought to say that I had to change cars twice and to wait for trains almost five hours. On my arrival the Franciscan Fathers gave me a most hearty welcome.

After a good night's rest, I started at 4:30 P. M. the next day, in company with Father Norbert himself, for Buffalo Bay, where I was to begin my work. But, before beginning the narrative of my doings there, I think some details about the place and its inhabitants will prove interesting.

I.—MISSION AT BUFFALO BAY.

Buffalo Bay (in Chippewa, Wikweiag,) or Red Cliff, as the postoffice is called, is situated on a small bay of the same name due north from Bayfield, with which it is connected by a short railway, three and a half miles long, as well as by a good wagon road and a telephone line. Its population, which is all Catholic, with the exception of the head officials of the Red Cliff Lumber Company, is composed almost exclusively of Indians and half-breeds, mostly of French descent. The people are in tolerably good circumstances, even from a white man's standpoint, and live in respectable-looking houses, which are, as a rule, well kept and sufficiently furnished.

Though all or most of the families have land of their own—alloted to them in severalty from what was their reservation—comparatively few of them live on farms as yet. In true Indian fashion, they earn their living by working in the saw mill which the Red Cliff Lumber Company is operating on their reservation, or by loading the boats which come there to fetch the lumber. Others, again, engage in fishing, an occupation which

Indians easily take to, though, on the whole, it is rarely remunerative.

The logs—pine, etc.—for the sawmill are supplied by the reserve itself, which, I am told, is some twenty miles long, by some two miles deep. The Government sells the timber to companies for the benefit of the Indians, many of whom realize handsome sums for people of their class; I have been told of one that got $8,000.00 If they were provident they could be well-to-do; but, unfortunately, some of them do not know how to keep what they have, especially in the shape of money. As the cutting of the timber has been going on for the last three years, a couple of years more will shear the reservation of what still stands on it. The timber once gone, they will remain with the bare land; and how long will most of them keep even that? They will sell it far below its real value, or have it sold on them for taxes, as has happened in the past in other parts of the country. These poor people do not seem to notice the sad mistake they are making, and the prospects for the future are not bright. Meanwhile the Catholic Church is saving all it can of the poor aborigines.

Buffalo Bay has a neat little church, or rather chapel, occupying the upper floor of a good substantial wooden building measuring 60x25 feet, whilst the ground floor serves as a village school. The chapel can comfortably seat 120 persons. It is neatly painted and frescoed and has stained-glass windows, donated by the congregation, that would be an ornament to a more pretentious edifice. Attached to the main building is an addition which is used for dwelling purposes by the Franciscan Sisters, three in number, two of whom teach the village school, which is frequented by some fifty pupils, boys and girls. Such is the place where I was to begin my three weeks' missionary work in Northern Wisconsin.

The good people of Buffalo Bay had for some time past been looking forward with great expectations to this event, which had been announced to them a month or so beforehand, and had been recommended to their earnest prayers. They were in great hopes, and, in consequence, gave me a most hearty welcome.

I began by giving them evening prayer, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, but the mission proper began only the next morning, Sunday, at High Mass. It lasted until the following Saturday morning, inclusively, and was very well attended throughout.

The congregation showed, certainly, great eagerness to hear the word of God, and gave me great edification There were two set sermons a day, one at High Mass, which was sung each morning at 9 o'clock—except Sunday, when it was at 10—and the other at 7:30 P. M., immediately before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. There was, besides, each day, in the afternoon, a special instruction for one or other of the different classes of the congregration. Though a large portion of the people understand and speak English, many of them quite fluently, still the tongue I used in addressing them was their own native Chippewa (Odjibwe), and that, too, at the Pastor's own request, although he himself always addresses them in English, not being conversant enough with the other tongue. The only exception I made to this rule was when speaking to the school children and the young people generally, giving them special instructions. The first day of the mission I even gave a French sermon to a goodly number of French-Canadians and half-breeds, who were much pleased at this attention.

The method I followed throughout, both at Buffalo Bay and in the two other places, was that of the Exercises, as set forth in Father Roothaan's "Meditationes et Instructiones," just as I had done at Odanah in 1902. In fact, it was the same plan I followed on this as on the former occasion. With the exception of two or three, my sermons scarcely ever lasted more than forty minutes.

Though Buffalo Bay is not as grand and the coup d'œil not as inspiring as at Odanah or Bayfield, still the good people seemed to be so much taken up with the subjects preached that I felt greatly encouraged. Evidently the precious seed was falling on good ground, and, considering the size of the place, the harvest of souls was really excellent; viz, 250 confessions, counting children and adults, and 210 Communions—I mean that number of communicants, which was about all that could go. Some of them, the reverend Pastor told me, had not been seen at the holy table for the last eight or nine years.

As I knew I would be alone to hear the confessions, I set apart a day for each class of the community—school children, young ladies, married women, and one common day for all the men, young and old. I began this work in the afternoon of the fourth day, after the instruction on confession. The last day, as is usually the case, was the hardest one; I was kept in the confessional almost up to midnight. But preaching and confessing, though my principal occupations, were not the only ones. Visiting

the sick, bringing in the stragglers, and setting aright marriage and other difficulties also claimed not a little of my time. I was scarcely ever in bed before midnight; but, with all that, my strength kept up remarkably well.

The mission came to a close on Saturday morning with solemn High Mass, celebrated by Father Norbert and his two assistants, Fathers Firmatus and Patrick; the closing sermon on perseverance; the Papal blessing; blessing of the mission Cross, and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; at all of which I officiated, except at the Mass. The occasion was certainly a solemn one, one that will long be remembered by all that were present. After dinner I returned to Bayfield with two of the reverend Fathers, the third one remaining to give the people holy Mass the following day, Sunday. The last words that escaped from all lips at our parting were, "God grant, Father, that we meet again some time."

II.—MISSION AT BAYFIELD.

The town of Bayfield, in the county of the same name, is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill rising like an amphitheatre at the northeast point of the Bayfield peninsula in Northern Wisconsin, at one of the two northwestern termini of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway. It has a population of about 2,000 souls, the Catholic portion of it comprising some 160 families. The settlement was started in 1830 by Catholic missionaries. It contains, besides a Catholic church which is dedicated to the Holy Trinity, five Protestant churches—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Methodist, Lutheran and Swedish. It is blessed (?) with a public library, donated, both books and building, by the well-known Andrew Carnegie; the building alone, which is of substantial red stone, costing $10,000.00. It has also a fine public school, a kindergarten and a court house. It was formerly the county seat, but has been despoiled of this honor in favor of Washburn, an important and growing lumber centre situated thirteen miles south of it on C., St. P., M. & O. R.R. Its principal industries are lumbering and fishing; but the former business is diminishing considerably, I am told, for the benefit of Washburn.

The Catholic church is by all odds the finest in the town. It is of red cut-stone taken from a quarry but a few miles distant, measures 94x36 feet outside, and presents a fine appearance, exteriorly and interiorly. It was

built, by contract, in 1898, at a cost of $15,000.00, all expenses included, towards which donations were made by different parties, among whom were the Indians and half-breeds of Bayfield and Buffalo Bay. The general style of the church is Gothic, but the windows are Roman. These windows are of stained glass and enhance very much the general appearance of the sacred edifice. They were given by different societies of the parish, such as St. Mary's Society, for the ladies; St. Joseph's Society and the Catholic Knights of Wisconsin, for the men; also by the church choir, the school children, as well as by various individuals of Bayfield and of Buffalo Bay.

The church has a good basement occupying its whole length, where holy Mass is said on week days during winter, and where the various societies meet. The church is heated by steam, lighted by electricity, and has fine pews of hardwood. There are no columns. The walls are lathed and plastered, well painted, and frescoed. Connected with the church is the Father's residence, a substantial building of red brick, erected in 1891, two stories high, with a good basement under it. At the back of the house stands the old church, of logs and clap-boarded. It is now used as a parish hall.

On the opposite side of the street, but a little lower down, stands the Convent of the Franciscan Sisters, a wooden structure of rather modest appearance, with a school attached to it. These good and devoted religious, besides keeping a boarding school for Indian and half-breed girls coming from various reservations of Northern Wisconsin, such as Lake Courtes-Oreilles, Buffalo Bay, etc., also have charge of the parochial school. They have a total of about 130 pupils, some sixty of whom belong to the boarding school, a kind of industrial school. These latter are maintained almost entirely at the cost of the Sisters; the Fathers, also at no small expense, support as many of those girls as their means allow, in order to keep them away from the Government boarding schools, which are the dread of all the missionaries and of all enlightened Catholic Indians alike. Such is Bayfield, where I was to preach my second and most important mission.

To a son of the Society this place, and in fact all the neighborhood, is of the highest interest, on account of the labors of the Fathers of the old Society. Just three miles across from Bayfield, at the southwestern point of Madeleine Island—formerly Ste. Madeleine Island, one of the group of the Apostle Islands, at the mouth of the

Chequamegon (properly, Jagawamikong,) or Ashland Bay —is situated the little village of La Pointe, a spot hallowed by the labors of Fathers Ménard, Allouez and Marquette of our Society. This La Pointe was called by the old missionaries of our Society La Pointe du St. Esprit. It is behind that point, at the southeastern side of the island, that Father Marquette's mission was located. Father Norbert informed me that traces of it can still be clearly seen. Before my departure from Bayfield it was my good fortune to visit La Pointe; but, much to my regret and disappointment, the poor state of the ice and of the land road hindered me from going to the very spot where the mission once stood.

According to Father Chrysostom Verwyst, O. F. M., in his "Life and Labors of Rt. Rev. Frederic Baraga," the ancient missionaries also gave (by extension, no doubt,) the name of La Pointe du St. Esprit to the northeastern point of the Bayfield peninsula. A few miles southwest of La Pointe du St. Esprit, at the head of the Chequamegon Bay, between the present towns of Ashland and Washburn, once stood the "Mission du St. Esprit," which broke up in 1671, as we are informed by the same authority. There Father Claude Allouez was stationed in 1667. In 1835 the saintly Bishop Baraga came to La Pointe, to cultivate the same field in which our Fathers had toiled almost a century and a half before.

The La Pointe of today is situated a couple of miles west of La Pointe du St. Esprit, on a bay. It is on this bay that Baraga established his mission; but he built his first church, in 1835, somewhat east of the spot where the present one stands. Both of these churches were dedicated to St. Joseph. This first church he pulled down six years later, to build a larger structure, a little further west, *i. e.*, on the western side of the bay. This church, so restored, was destroyed by fire, with all its contents, some two or three years ago. On the same site a new church of modern design, but of smaller proportions, has been erected; but the missionaries and old inhabitants cannot forget the old edifice, around which, so many memories cluster. The old parish registers, happily, were no longer at La Pointe, but at Bayfield, and thus escaped destruction. It was my good fortune to say Mass with a vestment that used to be worn by Bishop Baraga.

La Pointe was once a bustling little place, as it was the rendervous of many Indians and French-Canadians. It had a branch store of the American Fur Company, which

was a large company dealing not only in the peltry but also in the fish business; but it was preeminently the Indian depot for the distribution of goods to the different minor posts in the northwest, and was necessarily the headquarters for all engaged in the fur trade in that section of the country, to use the words of Father Verwyst. It was there that was made and concluded, on the 4th of October, 1842, the well-known "Treaty of La Pointe," between the United States and the Chippewas of the Mississippi and Lake Superior, which ceded to the States large tracts of land. In our days this place has dwindled down and now contains but few houses, the people engaging mostly in the fishing business. As an historic spot, however, it has many souvenirs and is much visited by tourists.

But let me come back to my missionary labors at Bayfield. The mission I gave there opened on Sunday, 17th of April, at High Mass, and lasted until the following Sunday, inclusive. The opening sermon, in English, was given at High Mass, followed by a second one in Chippewas immediately after Mass. There was a third one in, French, at 3 P. M., and a fourth one, in English again, before Benediction at 7.30 P. M.

The attendance all through was all that could be expected or even desired. Every morning, and especially every evening, the beautiful church was filled with people of all classes eager to listen to the eternal truths. Whites, Indians and half-breeds all seemed to mingle together in brotherly union, and to vie with each other in eagerness to attend the various exercises of the mission. In fact, during the eight days it lasted, the town, as far at least as the Catholic population was concerned, had constantly a Sunday or Holy day appearance—ringing of bells, people in Sunday attire, crowds of devout worshippers going to or returning from church. All other business seemed forgotten. The Indian portion of the congregation came not only from Bayfield, but also from Buffalo Bay, Odanah and La Pointe. On week days there were three sermons each day, two in Chippewa—one at High Mass, at 9 o'clock, and another at 3 P. M.—and one in English at Benediction in the evening. Besides, there was each afternoon, at 2 o'clock, a special instruction for one or the other of the different sections of the congregation, sometimes in both languages. These instructions were well attended, and did, I believe, a great deal of good. It was, however, the evening sermon that invariably attracted the largest gathering.

On the last evening, Sunday, April 24th, the sacred edifice was literally packed. Protestants flocked to it in such numbers that, shortly before the service, the Pastor, Father Norbet, came to me in the sacristy, where I was then vesting, saying with no little emotion, "Father, all Bayfield is coming!" With more than usual feeling I preached my closing sermon, both in English and Chippewa, for the sight before me was an inspiring one. I felt then and there the truth of the remarks of Father Himmel, in his "Hints on Giving Missions:" "The closing sermon is usually the most crowded and the temptation to expatiate is extreme." However, I managed to limit myself even to less than the forty-five minutes the Father sets down. The sermon was followed by the Papal blessing, the blessing of the mission Cross, solemn procession with the Blessed Sacrament within the church and, lastly, Benediction, with deacon and subdeacon, at all of which I officiated. That the good seed sown during those days of grace fell on well prepared soil is evidenced by the 330 confessions and the 280 Communions, as well as by the consoling words the Pastor spoke to me when all was over.

The following morning, at 8 o'clock, I left by the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway for Hayward, a distance of seventy-seven miles, where I arrived at 10.55 A. M., and whence I was to proceed by carriage to the Lake Courtes-Oreilles Reservation, fourteen miles distant, where I was to give my third and last mission. At the depot I was met by Father Agatho Anklin, O. F. M., the zealous missionary of that section of the country, with the chief and some of the principal men of the Courtes-Oreilles band.

III.—A VISIT TO THE HAYWARD INDIAN GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

After taking dinner together, the Father and I went to pay a visit to the Government Indian Industrial School (non-sectarian), where some 150 children—Indian and half-breeds, boys and girls, receive their education under Government auspices. These children come from various reservations of Northern Wisconsin, but especially from that of Courtes-Oreilles. With the exception of some twenty-five pagans, all are *Catholics*, and still there is nothing in the establishment to remind those poor creatures of Catholicity save the bi-monthly visits of good Father Agatho, who comes to visit, catechize and say Mass for them. In the opinion of persons qualified to speak on

the subject, of all the factors that go to weaken the faith among the Catholic Indians in the United States this kind of school is one of the most potent ones, a thing I readily believe.

At the request of the Reverend Father, I addressed the Catholic pupils in their own native Odjibwe (Chippewa) tongue, in what is called the Auditorium, a large hall of good dimensions, with stage and gallery, which is used for many a purpose, such as religious (non-sectarian) service, exhibitions, etc. The Father, speaking to me beforehand, happened to call it the "chapel," because he says Mass there. So, on entering it I naturally looked for the altar, but could see nothing of the kind. The Father noticed my disappointment, and remarked to me afterwards, "I forgot to tell you about it."

I was glad to have this opportunity of addressing these children. My visit had been announced to them, as well as to the superintenent, beforehand. I exhorted them to apply themselves earnestly to the acquirement of human knowledge, but still more to the knowledge of our holy religion. I entreated them to be always mindful of the end of their creation, and to be ever true to their faith. The principal officials of the school were present at my discourse. Afterwards the superintendent, Mr. W. A. Light, asked a half-breed employed in the institution to give him an idea of what I had said to the pupils. The man replied: "The priest's remarks were, indeed, short, but pointed." I suppose he meant "to the point." I must confess that, as far as comfort is concerned, the Indian children find at Hayward School all that can be desired; but, from a spiritual standpoint, the prospects are disheartening. Poor Father Agatho! This is the heaviest cross he has to bear, as he gave me to understand. Mr. Light very kindly showed me all over the establishment. Unfortunately, he has no religious convictions.

After having spent almost two hours at the school, we returned to the village and started for the Courtes-Oreilles Reservation, where we arrived towards evening.

IV.—MISSION AT LAKE COURTES-OREILLES RESERVATION.

This Reservation is situated on the eastern shore of Lake Courtes-Oreilles, in the county of Sawyer. It is an old misssion. The people, who had been looking out for us, received me with great demonstrations of joy. They had assembled in good numbers, many of them coming from a distance of five, six and seven miles, and not by the best of roads, to attend the mission. These

moved to the village, and were present the whole week. Some even came from a place called, in Chippewa, Pakwewang—in English, Post—a distance of twenty miles or so.

After evening prayer, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the good people went home for the night, but only to come back in still greater numbers the next morning. Day after day for the whole week while the mission lasted, the church was always well filled, both morning and evening with earnest listeners. They seemed never to get tired listening and praying. Even some of the pagans, of whom there are as yet many on the Reserve, came to the exercises; but the greater part of them kept away, in many cases I am inclined to believe, rather through shyness and fear of causing annoyance—a feeling general among the aborigines—than from any other motive. Had time allowed, I would have gone to see them at their homes, to have a friendly talk with them, and to invite them to come to instructions given especially for them; but as it was, all my moments were taken up with the Christians. But two adults were baptized. Two more asked for baptism; but it was found necessary to postpone it, at least for a time.

Father Agatho, who attends this mission, is a very zealous priest, but as yet not conversant enough with the language to preach in it, being too much among the whites. Therefore, he was glad, he said, to have this mission given, so that his people may have the great truths of religion thoroughly explained to them in their own language. This was done twice a day, always apart from the special instructions given them each day, just as in Buffalo Bay and Bayfield. That the good people of Courtes-Oreilles profited by the grace of the mission is evidenced by the large number of confessions and Communions, 230 of the former and 200 of the latter, which was a splendid showing. The sick who could not come to receive the Sacraments in the church—and there were several of them—had Holy Communion brought to them, as they also were desirous of gaining the indulgences of the mission. Among them is one, a certain Mrs. Belisle, who has been sick for many years, and who is very edifying.

The exercises were brought to a happy close in the usual manner on the 2nd of May; but I stayed yet another day to take a little rest, and to witness the old Indian game La-crosse (in Chippewa, Pagaadowewin), which they played especially in honor of the missionary.

A short appreciation of the work done at this place appeared in the June number of the *Messenger of the Holy Childhood*, Harbor Springs, Michigan. It reads thus: "The Indians very highly appreciated the mission. It was the good seed planted, which, in due time, will yield abundant fruit."

Such, Reverend and Dear Father, were my occupations during those three happy weeks. I hope, from God's goodness, that they were fruitful in happy results, not only to the good people for whose benefit they were undertaken, but also to the weak instrument the Divine Master deigned to employ. I feel especially grateful to the reverend Franciscan Fathers for the generous reception and the many good offices I received at their hands during my stay in their midst. Neither shall I ever forget the edification their flocks have given me. I left Courtes-Oreilles on the morning of May 4th on my return trip. On the way I stopped a few hours with the Fathers at Ashland, and the same evening I took the train to Sault-Ste.-Marie, where I arrived shortly after ten o'clock next morning.

My intention was to make straight for home, where I was already expected; but it was only five days later that I found my chance, arriving at Wikwemikong on the 11th of May. I had been absent five weeks, but never before did time pass so quickly.

Recommending myself, dear Reverend Father, to your holy Sacrifices and prayers, I remain

R^ae^ V^ae^ infimus in X^to^ servus,

JOSEPH SPECHT, S. J.

MISSION WORK IN JAMAICA.

A Letter from Father Mulry.

ALVA, ST. ANN'S PARISH, JAMAICA,
July 10th, 1904.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

I've just got back from Brown's Town where I said Mass this morning. The drive is along a splendid road some ten miles or twelve, through as park-like a country as one could find anywhere on the surface of the earth and Father Emerick's horses are splendid roadsters, kept in good practice by his Reverence's continual journeyings. Brown's Town is the geographical centre of his missions, and the Protestants of the district even yet have scarcely forgiven the Jesuit impertinence with which a few years ago, without leave or license, he settled in the midst of them. There was a congregation of forty or fifty this morning, some of whom had come a distance of eighteen or twenty miles. A few heretics were present and behaved themselves, which is more than can be said of their confreres in like circumstances a couple of years ago. One of the number, a follower of Dr. Johnson, the great pillar of independent Baptistry in the town and parish, came to me after Mass and sermon and renewed a request, previously made to Father Emerick before the latter's departure, to be allowed to "jine de Catolik Society." The text of the Sunday had evidently had its effect on him and with the help of a cathechism and a copy of "Catholic Belief" which I gave him, he is now preparing to "beware of false prophets." There will be Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and a sermon here this evening to a much larger congregation than at Brown's Town. Thanks to Father Emerick's zeal and energy, Alva is a real Catholic centre. The Sisters of Mercy have been brought here by him for the school and already the most consoling results have been obtained as well with the children as with their elders. The same may be said of the neighboring mission of Murray Mountain, three or four miles away, to which two of the Sisters are driven daily and where also they have charge of

the school. Although the children in both places are principally black or colored, there are a good number of them white, the descendants of German settlers, who were practically stranded in these Dry Harbour Mountains. Granny Hahn, who is one of the two grannies who look after the priest while at Brown's Town, is a German by birth, having come with her parents as a girl of sixteen, when they left the Fatherland in search of a fortune which they never found. The other granny at Brown's Town is "Mudder Henry," as black of skin as they make them even in black Jamaica, but a real old plantation "Mammy" with but one desire and that to make the "Fadder" comfortable. Here is Father Emerick's description of the pair, taken from the directions he left to be observed during his absence in the United States: "Be kind to my old ladies at Brown's Town. They are invaluable. The white one is more active and a better cook, but the black one is in charge and has better judgment."

Some of the congregation this morning were from Somerton, another mission a good long distance away; here one of them handed me a letter from the teacher at that place asking when I would be able to get there. The letter is characteristically African. Let me give you a sentence or two from it: "I beg very humbly to state that I have a class of candidates for baptism, which was ready for two weeks before our own Rev. Father Emerick left, but in consequence of his oppressive tasks in mission work had to leave off without accomplishing this end for the time being. If you can make any time before you leave, please send me written (if possible) words, stating what day of the week, morning or noon you could come and have this little much of important matter done for me, so that I may be better able to keep them together till Father comes home again. I say written, because some of our people here are illiterate only in this way of retaining, conveying and delivering ideas, which sometimes put one out of his way whilst they are quite unconscious to such wrongs committed." The rest of the letter is in the same style, but you've enough here to understand what a prodigy of learning we have at the Somerton mission in the shape of J. B. Stirling, Catechist Teacher. I have sent him "written words" to expect me Thursday evening when I shall remain over for Mass on Friday morning. Doubtless I

shall find out then for certain the meaning of another sentence further on in his letter: "The marchings of secular life is also a bit tough just now with me here as the people are not quite (more or less the majority) open-minded to the teacher's care." Perhaps you may notice a touch of Carlyle in the epistolary effusion of this son of Jamaica, but unless I'm mistaken greatly, the last sentence despite its obscurity to ordinary people, means to this Bush-habituated missionary, that J. B. Stirling, Catechist Teacher, is sadly in need of funds and looks to the advent of the priest to supply the yam-pot with what he has failed to get from a people who are not "open-minded."

Alva, Monday, July 11th, 1904.

A sick-call to-day to Tabernacle, four miles away. A young woman, a Protestant, sends for the priest and asks to be received into the true church. There's only one Catholic amongst all her relatives and yet this seems to have been the occasion of the gift of faith which God has given her. After a somewhat hurried instruction, which I am careful to have her relatives listen to, I baptize her conditionally and give Extreme Unction and the last blessing. Her Catholic cousin is assigned the task of continuing the instruction so that I may be able in a few days to administer the Holy Viaticum. The locality is a populous one and I pray that the angels assigned to its guardianship may watch over the little seed thus sown in the midst of it. Last night a good gathering here for the Apostleship Devotions, Benediction and Sermon.

Alva, July 12th, 1904.

Visited to-day the School and district of Murray Mountain, four miles away. Two Sisters drive from Alva to Murray Mountain and back each day for the school. The road is for the most part a very bad one and skirts precipice after precipice on the way, but the Sisters are only too glad to take advantage of the chance thus offered them of helping on and cementing the good which is being done in the district. Just now the poverty of the people is extreme; the hurricane of a year ago has not ceased to make its effects felt in many ways and lessened school attendance is one of them. To-day there were only twenty-two children present and the pinched faces of many of them spoke clearly enough of the want and hunger which even in this fruitful country, falls to their lot. The black children look more robust than the fairer ones. There are even a couple of white

children in the school, descendants of the German colony which years ago was enticed to this part of Jamaica not to the bettering of its worldly prospects.

A short time after getting back to Alva this evening, I was attracted by the sound of a disturbance outside the school and found two black children, who had lingered after school, had been dismissed, going it "hammer and tongs" at each other. One of the combatants was a boy of ten and the other, not a boy, but a good-sized girl of about thirteen, and so interested were they in the loving task of battering each other, that my first reading of the riot act to them was altogether ineffectual. However, I got them separated in the end and made them sit down in the church, which is also schoolroom, in order to cool off a little. Sister Magdalene, who had come upon the scene at this juncture, tried to effect a reconciliation and it was a study to watch the dark looks,—dark in a two-fold sense—which the young bits of ebony flung at each other. They refused with true African obstinacy to make it up and shake hands with each other. I left them to Sister's persuasions and about half and hour afterwards the boy came to my room and asked to go to confession. The girl, I believe, still refuses to sign articles of peace with her male foe. If she has the makings of what they call in Jamaica "a mouth-missis," it's at least a consolation to reflect that she's not under the pastoral care of the church, for she is one of the Protestant children of the school.

Alva, July 13th.

Mass at Carney this morning. Time is everything in this slow-going Island and so the notice sent yesterday afternoon to the teacher of the Mission was not sufficient to gather together the scattered flock. There were only three Communions at Mass—one of them was a first Communion—and the entire congregation numbered four. I had to drive back to Alva four miles for even a cup of coffee after Mass. Not even a shop within three miles of this poverty-stricken station. It may not be without interest to describe the make up of the altar which was arranged in the school-room, for chapel there is none. An altar stone covered with the usual linen cloths, two wax candles set up in pint bottles for candlesticks,—for cruets an old peppermint lozenger bottle for the wine and a small tumbler for the water,—the *lavabo* basin the tin-box used for conveying the hosts—no book-stand at all for the little battered old missal which was opened out on the rough pine board table. No crucifix

was to be found in the parcel which I had brought with me, so at the last moment, I bethought myself of my Rosary, and the two-inch crucifix belonging to it was pressed into service, and with the Rosary was suspended from a nail in the wall above the improvised altar. What a picture of the destitution to which our Lord submits for love of us in the Eucharist! After Mass, seeing some three or four children about, I called them in and despite the warning of the teacher that they were not Catholics and that their parents objected to their being questioned in the catechism, I insisted on trying to find out from them what were their ideas of God and religion. I'm afraid, howevever, that I won't be able to pride myself on my success. All one dusky urchin could tell me was that he had been baptized at St. Acre's but whether St. Acre's was Baptist, Wesleyan or Church of England was quite beyond him. For myself I happened to know that St. Acre's was Dr. Johnson's church and Dr. Johnson an independent Baptist, if anything, and clerical soul-merchant for a certainty, is a positive weight everywhere in the parish of St. Ann, on the religious prospects of the natives. His class-houses are scattered here and there throughout the Dry Harbour Mountains like forts of error and his preachers are regular in the transmission to him and his preacher wife of the gospel-toll which is systematically and successfully levied.

The road to Carney is so bad that I had not the heart to inflict it on the good horses again this afternoon, so I went up in the saddle, and visited the school. Poor attendance, as seems to be general just now all over the Island. Of the twenty-eight children present, only six were Catholic, but they were bright and gave ready answers to the catechism questions I put them. The teacher's name is B. Delaware Daily, the "sambo" grand son of an Irishman. *Sambo*, let me say for your information is *dark brown*. Thanks to a Mrs. Finnegan, I fared better than this morning, for she, knowing of my expected coming, had sent to the school-room for me two eggs and a pint of fresh milk—God bless her black skin, for she certainly hasn't a black heart; she is the widow of an Irishman, Pat or Tim Finnegan or something of the kind, and the proud mother of a tribe of brown Finnegans, who in their faith are a credit to her and their father. If their faith had not been extra strong, they would have lost it long ago in the midst of the Johnsonites who infest the neighborhood.

Brown's Town, July 15th.

I drove from Alva to Somerton yesterday evening and said Mass there this morning. Here is a small settlement of Catholics and twenty of them went to the Sacraments. The teacher, John Brown Stirling, was in his glory, especially as I passed the candidates he presented to me—eight in all—and received them into the church. Three babies were added to the baptism list, so that eleven in all were christianized, for the converts were stolen from the ranks of unbaptized Baptists. Stirling is a real character, a type of the negro, but of the earnest kind. He at once proceeded to tell me all the good he had done on the mission and all the good he was going to do, but although he certainly is what one of the congregation characterized as "boastified," for all that he's a good worker and will keep the interests of the the church alive at Somerton. His school is not a government school, nor is his salary a government salary. He depends in part on the small fees which the people are supposed to pay him, but which through poverty, are as often omitted as not, and which are supplemented monthly by a subsidy of ten shillings from Fr. Emerick's slender and precarious resources. You should have heard J. B. S. in his role of choir director at the bush-meeting I held last evening in the little school room. If we hadn't a riot of harmony or rather a harmonious riot on a huge African scale, it wasn't the fault of this human combination of Apollo and Æolus. His first hymn was "See amid the winter's snow,"—a July reminder in tropical Jamaica that Christmas is coming. His stock of hymns numbered just five and a high thermometer was to his mind no impediment under the circumstances to the selection of the first. I couldn't help thinking of something in my own experience long ago, when I had loaned a class-mate an interminable essay on Christmas, and when he had read it at a small literary entertainment given in the sultriest of June weather. The New York audience had punctuated the reading of the essay by continually repeated applause in the vain hope of shutting-off the reader before he had inflicted the whole dose; the Jamaica audience rose to the occasion and themselves sang, and the Spanish-walls of the frail temple of learning at Somerton survived the tempest which ensued.

Mass was said with portable altar in the school-room this morning. About thirty were present, the same as last evening, and three out of the five hymns were

sung, the first, as might be expected, being again the Christmas hymn. The family living near, with whom I stopped, is that of the Walsh's, white people as the Irish generally are, I believe, but all born, with the exception of the grandmother, in these Dry Harbour Mountains, out of the bounds of which they have never travelled. Old Mrs. Walsh was nineteen years old when she came here in '41 from the County Mayo, and here she has stayed ever since. A real old Irish granny and delighted to have "his Riverence" even for a few short hours at her house. In spite of crippled limbs, she was at Mass in the school-room and received Holy Communion. They are all the poorest of the poor, but the priest is looked after as nowhere else in Jamaica. Even the brown offspring from the Irish stock in the third generation have kept their faith in God and their respect for the cloth. It was interesting at Mass to notice how the undiluted native and the different grades of color, up to the unmixed white, were all united in the one act of worship of God's Church—the Holy Mass.

On reaching Brown's Town to-day about 12 Noon, I found the Sisters had travelled the twelve miles from Alva, in order to be at hand and encourage the three of their pupils who are here to-day submitting to the Pupil Teachers' Examination set by the Education Department. It is by acts of thoughtfulness of this kind that they bind the hearts of the children to them and strengthen their immense influence for good throughout the Alva and Murray Mountain Districts. Alfred, the priest's boy, is sick this evening,—stomach-ache or something of the kind, but he's frightened as only a Jamaican can be. Two people died last month at Stepney in this Parish of St. Ann's, of what is called the vomiting sickness, and although Alfred has no vomiting as an accompaniment, he fears with a great fear. I found him stretched out this evening on the buggy-cloths, which he had spread on the ground, and between the contortions of what seems to be a mighty stomach-ache, brought on by undue exertion in climbing a cocoanut tree to get me some green cocoanuts this afternoon, he managed to tell me that gin was a capital remedy for the disorder which was wasting him. I sent "Mother Francis," one of the two grannys at Brown's Town,—the black one—for the objectionable article and Alfred assures me now that he feels better and I've some hope that he'll be able to accompany me to-morrow to the mission-station of Linton Park. There's a virtue in spirits, even if they do hail from Holland.

Sunday, July 17th, Alva.

Back to Alva contrary to expectation, a very urgent sick-call near here drawing me post-haste from Linton Park immediately after Mass this morning. Mrs. Mary Ann Whorms doesn't seem to me, however, to be in such evident danger as the message made her out to be, but I'm on the safe side at any rate and so is she, for I administered the Sacraments to her. I promised the people at Linton Park to return Thursday evening to hear the confessions of the school-children and to make up for the service out of which they have been cheated this evening. I'll say Mass for them also on Friday morning and give Communion to those who come. Linton Park is one of Father Emerick's missions. The school chapel is built on a high hill in the very heart of the mountainous district of St. Ann's Parish. There are higher hills encircling it in the distance, but the mission cross of Holy Angels dominates the immediate view and can be detected for miles away. This cross is some thirty feet high and made of the cedar of the adjacent "bush." It's only a few months ago since the zealous pastor had it erected and blessed amidst ceremonies that are still remembered even by the benighted Baptists and Wesleyans. who were present by invitation on the occasion and who went away wondering and pondering. Dan Dedrich is the prominent parishioner of Holy Angels who considers it his bounden duty to look after the Father. My arrival last evening, however, was unexpected as Father Emerick generally runs over from Alva on a Sunday morning. I happened to be at Brown's Town yesterday morning and thought the fifteen miles of difficult country between that place and Linton Park quite enough for Pretty Treadwell, without inflicting on the willing steeds an extra journey to Alva; so when I drew up at Dan's house, just below the mission, nearly everybody was away from home,—Dan himself had gone to market at Cave Valley. Of course, this meant a little experience for a hungry missioner and I prepared for the inevitable. I found my way up to the school and the priest's room adjoining. The quarters, as might be expected, were not luxurious, but everything was scrupulously clean. Unlike those at Somerton, the walls of the school-room did not bear traces of the arithmetical efforts of the children. These were whitewashed, it is true, and well whitewashed at that, but the pupils had not scrawled their calculations over them with charcoal as at the former place. I suppose *white board* would be a preferable term of John

Brown Stirling of Somerton to employ in speaking to his pupils rather than that of *black board.* At any rate, in his case, necessity has again proved herself the mother of invention. But to return to Linton Park, I had finished my Office and Rosary and from the foot of the mission cross had apostrophized the surrounding scenery more than once with scraps of Gray's Elegy and other stray bits of past scholastic days, which in the tropic gloaming, will come back at times even to a fagged-out ecclesiastical "bushman"—all this and more I had done, wondering how long Ovid's "sera crepuscula" would take to lead in the night and if they'd lead in Dan with them, when suddenly I realized that it was no longer twilight. Night had finished the task of "trailing her funeral shadow from the lanes of the forest,"—the earth was dark; like most of the natives, it was black. I looked above; the stars were there and they were bright enough it's true, but their light glanced into my heart—I was going to say my stomach—and whether they found the words there or not, it's hard to say, but the message they left was this: "Where's Dan?" Disgusted, I went inside and had just fished out an old piece of candle to illumine both the place and my spirits, when the long-desired Dan made his appearance, with oil for the lamp and oil for the human machinery. Dan Dedrich is a "white man" in more senses than one. He is of German descent, unmixed, and the wife is of Portuguese parents. The same mixture of color amongst the people is had here as at Somerton and Alva. Out of a congregation of fifty this morning, about one half were either white or a near approach to it. The teacher, Mr. Lawrence by name, is a black man and a very zealous worker. He holds service on three Sundays of the month, that is when the priest is not there. Immediately after Mass, he got the children together for Sunday School—thirty one of them I counted. Had it not been for the sick-call I would have questioned them, but they looked bright and so I have no doubt will prove so, when I get the chance to see them again on Thursday. The school at Holy Angels is not on the government list and it must be extremely hard for Father Emerick to keep it going. The teacher's salary for the month, small as it looks, is hard to get. I gave it to him this morning, one pound five shillings (that is $6.25). The church collection ran up into the mighty figure of three shillings, penny half-penny (that is $0.78). People who don't know Jamaica, nor what life is on a real mission, may hold up their

hands and say, why doesn't each mission support itself; and the answer of those who know is because it's a sheer impossibility,—because the people haven't got the means to give, and because we are working here and coaxing away at a population which is mostly non-Catholic. When we have been instrumental in making them all Catholic, and when prosperity shall have returned to a now poverty-stricken people, then the Fathers who work in the country districts here will cease to be beggars—not till then. If at home some generous lover of the Church would only endow one school for a Catholic mission in Jamaica—and very little will do it—it would be the beginning of the most important work yet done for the glory of God in the Island.

Amongst the surprises in store for me this morning at Linton Park was that of finding three of the Sisters from Alva amongst the congregation. They had driven twelve miles for Mass and Communion and also to bring me notice of the sick-call already referred to. As Mass didn't commence till near 10 o'clock, their love for our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was equal to the proof put upon it by so long a fast.

Brown's Town, Tuesday, July 19th.

I came to Brown's Town early yesterday morning from Alva. There was Sunday evening service, sermon and Benediction at the latter place, and Mass and Communion there yesterday morning for the Sisters, but Fr. Emerick had left a special commission to look after some Portuguese Catholics at Bamboo and so I had no choice but to take the road again. Now Bamboo is a good nine miles of hill climbing from Brown's Town and Brown's Town is twelve miles of hill travel from Alva. My idea was to reach Brown's Town about 10 A. M. and towards evening, when the horses should have rested somewhat to send Alfred, the priest's boy on horseback to the Portuguese at Bamboo, and warn them to get ready for Communion the next morning. However, at Brown's Town, Mr. Broderick, a convert of Father Emerick and a brown man (mustofino) from a green stock, assured me that he had sent a message ahead, and so much to my satisfaction, Alfred was relieved from the intended task and Treadwell from the extra travel. This morning at 5 o'clock, accompanied by Mr. Broderick and Alfred, I left Brown's Town fasting in order to say Mass at this out of the way place in the hills about Brown's Town. It would be hard to imagine a more beautiful drive in any part of the world. The road for four out of the nine

miles was a splendid limestone thoroughfare, and it wound in and out, still ascending in its course, through a landscape rich with all the wonders of tropical vegetation. Pimento, lime, orange, cocoanut, calabash, oil-nut trees and coffee bush and ferns in profusion over and over again. Here and there a stretch of magnificent pasture land below us showed where some wealthy pen-keeper looked after the sheep, cattle and other stock for which St. Ann's Parish is noted. The last five miles was over a side road, "not too bad" to quote a Jamaica phrase, but bad enough, certainly much inferior to the government road on which we had started at Brown's Town. But what a paradise for botanists. "Old stager" as I am in Jamaica, I saw enough of the gorgeous plant life along the way to make me wish for the leisure to stop and enjoy the study of it.

On reaching Bamboo, a disappointment was in store for us. Mr. Broderick's messenger of yesterday had apparently forgotten all about his commission—a very common occurrence amongst our happy-go-lucky natives—and the priest's coming was a complete surprise. The few Catholics of the place—and they were very few—had gone to their "cultivation"—patches of yam or cocoa further up the mountain side—that is all but one, a bed-ridden Portuguese old woman, Mrs. Domingo by name, who, according to all accounts, has passed into her nineties. She wasn't at all in her second childhood, however, and was more than delighted to see the priest; her only regret was that she had not been warned, and so, having taken her coffee, could not receive Holy Communion. I said Mass with the portable altar in her hut—for it was little more—and again our Lord had to submit to pint bottles for candlesticks. Outside of Mr. Broderick and the old Lady there were no other Catholics present to honor the real presence. The latter had a son, a tall fellow about 40 years old, who stood at the door, with his hat on all the time, and glanced curiously at the unusual apparition of a priest in vestments, who, with difficulty in such contracted quarters, went through the ceremonies of the Mass. He had been christened a Catholic, but hadn't yet made up his mind to "join." This he told me before Mass, but he promised me afterwards that he would return to Mother Church soon and also to virtuous living at the same time. Seated alongside of the altar and facing me all the time was the wife of another of the old lady's sons, married in the Baptist persuasion or, let us call it, delusion. Her husband was ab-

sent, but Portuguese as he is,—for the stock is undiluted,—he is in spite of his Catholic Baptism, a Baptist. And the same for a third son of the old lady. On the wall before me alongside of the crucifix which I placed for Mass, was a Baptist print with pictures of Baptist parsons and Chinese converts of a Baptist mission in the celestial empire. I wonder how our Lord relished being so near the pictures of those who are the principal agents, unknowingly perhaps, of His great enemy and the enemy of souls. It was a consolation to hear the devout exclamations of old Mrs. Domingo throughout the Mass, "God," she said, "had been more than good to her to send the priest of His church to console her before death."

As I finished Mass, I noticed a line of dark faces, peeping over the stone wall just above, which skirted the road side. The little children of the district must have had their full of satisfaction in contemplating the, to them, novel sight of an able-bodied six-footer of a priest bedecking himself in the gorgeous vestments of Rome. One of the onlookers was a shirted study in charcoal, who became a great friend of mine before my departure. Dr. Johnson has another of his chapels near-by and a little further on is the site of what a year ago, before the hurricane, was a church of England house of worship. Of the latter only the foundations are left and near it is a shed which, when the rain allows, Parson Hall's congregation use for their service, looking for the time doubtless, when means may allow of their rebuilding their former quarters.

On the way back to Brown's Town I stopped to get my coffee. A turn in the road enabled me to take from my bag the bottle of coffee (nothing stronger) and the piece of bread which granny Hahn had given me at the start. The good old lady knew well that I wasn't likely to get anything to eat where my duty had taken me and I had reason to bless her thoughtful provision. Before getting back into the buggy, I rifled the "Bush" of four botanical specimens—a magnificent red orchid, the finest I had ever seen and three young plants of the fan-palm. The Sisters will be glad to transplant them at the mission and look after them. Meanwhile Mr. Broderick had walked on ahead; when Alfred and I caught up to him and took him into the buggy, he was saying his beads. I pretended not to notice it, but, in my mind I said, Fr. Emerick has made the right kind of a convert in this tropical offshoot from St. Patrick's isle.

I am just starting back to Alva. Thirty miles of travel to-day will be a pretty good showing for the mission

horses to-day, especially when it is remembered that a good proportion of it is a steep climb. All honor, therefore, to Pretty and Treadwell. Even St. Peter Claver would use them—yes, and be proud of them—if he were stationed in the Dry Harbour Mountains of Jamaica.

Alva, July 20th, 1904.

This morning I had two baptisms, one, a little girl of eight years, rescued by the persuasions of the Sisters with her parents from the misfortune of being brought up a Baptist, Gertrude Lilian Berrick was her name. The other baptism was that of Kabosena Cerema Alexander, a diminutive "pickney" of sable hue, the mother of which was apparently striving to make up in the honor of a pretentious, unintelligible name for what was unfortunately the disgrace of its birth. I added Mary to the vocal combination in the hopes that our Lady's intercession might ward off from the baby the sad fate of imitating the mother's evil example.

The attendance at prayers last evening was large. The Rosary, Litany of our Lady and other prayers are said every night by the priest when he is at Alva; in his absence the Sisters look after the devotions. As a result, the children here, as well as their elders, are becoming more and more permeated with the real spirit of Catholicity. It would be harder to find, even amongst the most Catholic population of other lands, better examples of fervour and faith than are here afforded. Visits to the Blessed Sacrament are frequent and must be especially grateful to the Sacred Heart in a district which otherwise has its own share of the open sin so common in Jamaica.

Alva, July 21st, 1904.

Brought Communion yesterday as Viaticum to the sick woman at Tabernacle whom I had received in the Church on the 11th instant. It's wonderful how God's grace requires so little time to put the fulness of faith in a human soul. Her Catholic cousin was on hand, and a whole troupe of Protestants, especially children, whose number hereabout is legion. All were kindness itself to the priest, though Baptist bigotry and hostility are rampant in the place. On the way back to Alva I stopped at a settlement called Armadale and hunted up a Catholic young lady, Miss Eugenie Crawford, another of Father Emerick's converts. Her father, an Irishman by birth, is a sickly man about sixty years old, but, as he assured me, "trusts in Christ." I hope so; and hope, moreover, that Christ will yet bring him into His Church with the

rest of his family, though there doesn't seem any likelihood of such an event in the near future. However, I made the most out of the fact that I was a "galvanized Irishman" myself, and even tossed the baby, his grandchild, and crooned for it an old Irish lullaby that has stuck in my head, I was going to say, from the time I myself was carried in the arms of my good old godmother. It would take a Brobdignagian nurse, with the strength of a female Samson and the assistance of a derrick to boot, to perform for me now the same operation that was so easy of old, before I lengthened out into the present six-feet-and-more of solid humanity. It must have been a sight for angels and men to view me in my new role of delicate and tender nurse; but old Crawford was delighted—yes, and the whole Crawford stock that was crowded into that small cabin. And even if the name smacks of Ulster Orangeism, I'm quite satisfied if eventually this may, by the barest possibility, prove for him and his the beginning of the expulsion of that same Orangeism.

Thirty-one confessions here at Alva last evening and this morning, and Communion at Mass to-day for the boys' and girls' sodalities. The Sisters leave to-morrow for Kingston and the annual retreat at Alpha Cottage, which Fr. Harpes is to give. At 1:30 P. M. I started again for Linton Park, to make up for the omissions caused by the sick call of Sunday. Mrs. Mary Ann Whorme has recovered and is about the house as usual, and I get the credit of having cured her in the administration of the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. I have no doubt that on occasion the sacrament does act the part of the doctor, but in this case I think recovery began before my arrival. The sick lady has a daughter who has entered as a lay Sister amongst the Sisters of Mercy in Kingston—the second postulant from the district who has persevered in the same way of life.

Jimmy Nolan was anointed by me this morning. He is a poor old man, a dependent of the Mission, who has been looked after by Father Emerick and the Sisters these few years back. Although not confined to bed, he is so weak that death may come to him at any time, and in the incessant travel which falls to the lot of the priest here he might miss the sacraments if precautions were not taken. So, to relieve Sister Magdalena's anxiety and my own, I have given him everything. Poor Jimmy! His mother brought him here in her arms over sixty years ago from "dear, dirty Dublin," and here he has stuck

ever since, with the common enough portion of his race, poverty; with the other portion also of his race, strong faith.

Alva, July 23rd, 1904.

Since making the last entry, I have been to Linton Park and back. Thursday, a little after midday, I started in a light rain which, however, ceased when the journey was about half over. An instance of Jamaica superstition came under my notice on the way. A pint bottle containing, Alfred told me, some sea water was suspended to the branch of a small tree at the edge of a corn field, to prevent thieves from stealing or to disclose their names or whereabouts if they should venture to do so. How all this was to be brought about it wasn't very easy to understand, but the obeahman, whose incantations had prepared the bottled detective, would have to be consulted again, and, on the payment of a fee, would obtain the desired information. So common is the belief among the poor black people in such humbug, that very likely the mere presence of the bottle in its place will be sufficient guarantee that the field will be left untouched. There were thirty-two children at Holy Angels' School when I arrived at Linton Park, most of them Catholics, and of all colors, from the one white boy, Daniel Vernal Dedrick, down through every gradation of brown to the deepest black. After questioning them in the catechism, I heard the confessions of eleven of them. Later on there was evening service, fairly well attended; the Apostleship prayers and an instruction on confession—all sandwiched in between two layers of violent vocalism on the part of the enthusiastic congregation. One of the visitors, a Wesleyan, informed the teacher, Mr. Lawrence, that "Him like de sarvice well." At the Mass yesterday morning, at the same mission, there were nine communions.

There is in the district a geological curiosity which goes by the name of Light Hole, and as I was anxious to get a view of it before my return to Alva, a small party was organized, and away we started on foot to climb the mile or two between it and Linton Park. Mr. Dan Dedrich had stayed behind on account of the fever which was bothering him somewhat, but before we had covered half the distance he had overtaken us on horseback. The sight of us going on such an expedition was too much for his native energy, and he resolved at once to forget his fever. His horse seemed to have in it more of the nature of a goat than of a horse, for the road was

so rough and narrow at times that only a real mountain animal could have got over it. Light Hole, when we reached it, was an immense circular depression in the limestone hills, with perpendicular wall sheer down three hundred feet on one side and very little less on the other. There was a flat area at the bottom containing five acres, more or less, and the trees growing there, which must have been of the ordinary height, looked exceedingly diminutive from the edge over which we peered at them. Formerly the descent had been made possible by trees growing out from the sides, but a recent fire had burned most of these, and I decided without any length of deliberation not to run an unnecessary risk in trying it. Two of the party, however, a brown man, Hamis by name, and, if you please, our friend, Dan Dedrich, the fever patient, decided to make the attempt, and even got down somehow about half the distance, when they had to turn back. I was more than glad to see them climb up over the edge again. Dan, however, had got an idea; and, undiluted Teuton that he is, he has the race-gift of of holding on to such things as ideas. "Johnny," was his remark, addressing himself to Hamis, "you see that big cedar tree down there. Well, you and I'll come here some day and make a rope ladder and get down with saw and axe. And with a block and tackle fixed above, we'll be able to haul up some fine cedar boards." And then, loyalty to Father Emerick being one of Dan's characteristics, he turned to me: "You know, Father, just now a little cedar would come in well for the new frames for the chapel windows."

But our investigations were not yet over. A Catholic man of the neighborhood, by name Hamsin, here appeared upon the scene and volunteered to guide us further up to a large cave. We accepted the invitation and, with Hamsin ahead, by cutting away the bush here and there with his machette, we managed to penetrate a half a mile further, when we were rewarded for our pains. The cave is some distance below the top of the hill and runs right through like a tunnel some forty or fifty feet from one side to the other. It was rather a unique experience to go in one side of the hill, where the mouth was almost choked with tropical growth and came out at the other in what the natives call a cocoa patch,—the cultivation of some poor fellow who has been forced by poverty to try to reclaim a small portion of this wild mountain region. The stalactites in the cave were not as pretty as I have seen elsewhere in the same

parish of St. Ann's and many of them moreover, had been recklessly broken by previous visitors. Not many miles away, near Dry Harbor on the coast, is a series of caves opening out one into the other and extending for miles underground. I don't think they have yet been explored thoroughly.

After fighting our way back to the edge of "Light Hole," we bade good-bye to Mr. Hamsin, not, however, before he had picked up two of the seeds of the mangoes we had eaten and promised to plant them as a memorial of Father's first visit to the place. It was a tired Father that got back to Lenton Park by mid-day. On the way Johnny Hamis had said to a tall black woman who was looking at me with considerable surprise as I passed: "Hi! You tink de buckra Fadder able fe walk?" (Buckra is Jamaican for white). Her answer had in it a spice of something just a little like contempt: "Lawk! skin no like we. Him no hab nuffin fe do."

Alva, July 24th.

About sixty people at Mass this morning, and a good proportion of them white. Not all, however, for Charles Johnson and some few others were there to represent the full Jamaica negro. German and Irish names belonged to most of the paler article in the line of humanity,—Hahn, Whorms, Walsh, Finnegan, Daley and the like. The poverty of the district is so great that many had to stay at home for the want of proper clothing. One black youngster, as his mother declared to me, was absent because he hadn't trousers. I could well believe, from my own knowledge, that the said article of clothing had come to be looked upon as a luxury by the young boys of the locality, for I could count on my fingers those of them I had not seen during the week disporting outside the parental huts in the glorious freedom of a brief shirt. But not only clothing but food itself is scarce in these hills ever since the hurricane of last August. Over and over again I am asked to give relief. Yesterday a messenger came to tell me that a man was dying on the roadside not far away. I found it was a case of exhaustion from hunger and brought him up into the church and gave him what he needed—food. He had travelled without food all day and had ten miles of a journey left yet, which he insisted on resuming after his strength had come back. His gratitude, however, was extreme and he would not depart until he had expressed it to me.—Problem:—How far is one warranted applying the precept of charity, when its application,

as well as corn for horses and fodder for priest depends upon the weekly recurrence of such collections as that of to-day—four shillings, two pence, farthing—in plain United States, $1.02½?

Alva, July 26th, 1904.

Yesterday and to-day have not been idle ones. Another trip to Brown's Town and back to Alva was yesterday's order for myself and horses and this morning Pretty carried me in the saddle to and from Murray Mountain. There was Mass at the latter place, confessions (25 of them), Communions and one baptism. Through some mistake no alb was to be had for the Mass and wax candles had been forgotten. Even tallow candles could not be purchased at the country shop in the emergency and two bits fished up in a neighboring cabin were obtained just in the nick of time. But what about the alb? I found a surplice and joined to this by means of pins a broad piece of altar linen, which served very well for the skirt—that is very well for Jamaica. I'm afraid the Woodstock Professor of Moral Theology might get a fit if he knew the various makeshifts that at times necessity, in her maternal capacity, put forth amongst us as ecclesiastical inventions.

To-morrow morning early, at three o'clock I start for Kingston. Between four and five hours of buggy travel will bring me to a place called Moneague; here I leave Alfred the boy with Treadwell and Pretty to await Father Matthews, the next day on his way to take his turn at Father Emerick's missions. From Moneague about two hours more of travel in a hired trap will take me to the Railway Terminus at Ewerton and the ride by rail thence to Kingston will last an hour and a half, so that, nothing preventing, I may hope to be back to the College a little after eleven A. M.

These few items of missionary labor have been jotted down in order to give you a practical idea of what our Fathers have to do in the Jamaica "Bush"—in order, also, to enlist your prayers for the good cause which they are trying to push forward in the face of odds which call for persevering energy and constant faith such as love alone of Christ's Heart can furnish.

As ever,

In the Sacred Heart,

PATRICK F. X. MULRY, S. J.

Œuvres Posthumes du R. P. CHARLES VERBEKE, S. J. Second edition. Published exclusively for Ours.

This is a new edition, carefully revised, of Father Verbeke's "Retraites et Instructions," first published some years ago in two volumes. A third volume has been added on "Conferences et Discours de Circonstance." Retreats will be found in the first volume for all classes of persons, including a retreat in Latin for the clergy. The second volume contains "Instructions pour Retraites," etc.; the third volume "Conferences et Discours de Circonstance." A fourth volume has also been published, containing sermons on the feasts of our Lord and our Blessed Lady, and a fifth on moral and devotional subjects. All these retreats and sermons are suited to our own times and will be found sound and practical. Many of them are but skeletons or outlines to be filled out, and can be of great service to those of Ours called on to preach or to conduct retreats. Father Verbeke was for seventeen years stationed at our church in Brussels, and his sermons and different retreats were highly appreciated not only there but throughout Belgium. His "Œuvres," too, have met with marked success. Though published only for Ours, the "Retraites" have had to be re-published, while the fifth volume of the series is out of print, and but few copies are left of the fourth volume As it is probable that these volumes will not be reprinted, our colleges and residences should apply at once for them to the procurator of the Belgian Province, Monsieur Alfred d'Ahérèe, 165 Rue Royale, Brussels, Belgium. The price is from four to five francs per volume (about $1.00).

Selectæ Quædam Domesticæ Exhortationes, auctore P. FRAN. XAV. SCHOUPPE, S. J.; 1904.

We cannot recommend too highly these "Exhortationes" of Father Schouppe. The author, as is well known from his other works, has a remarkable gift of putting what he has to say concisely, clearly, and accurately, while the subjects treated of in this work are just those a Spiritual Father is called upon to speak of to Ours. Thus, there are exhortations on the vows, the rules of the Society in general and the rules of each grade and of several offices, as those of the Preachers, Masters, etc.; the spirit of the Society, the example of St. Ignatius and of our martyrs, the feasts of our Lord and Lady are also treated of, and, finally, the encyclical letter of our present Father General. Being in Latin, they can be read by all our Fathers, and, being short and to the point, they may be easily developed by each one to suit his audience. Copies may be procured from the Belgian Procurator as for the works of Father Verbeke.

La Lecture de l'Écriture et des Saints Pères, in 16mo, pp. 34. Imprimerie M. Paquet, 46 Rue de la Charité, Lyon.

This little book has been compiled at the requst of the Father Provincial of the Province of Lyons by some of Ours, especially for the use of our scholastics. It contains: (1) A list of the works on Holy Scripture which our scholastics should read before commencing theology, in the novitiate, the juniorate, and during their philosophy; (2) the English and German commentaries which can be read; (3) the order in which a continued study of the Bible should be made. In a second part the works of the Fathers are treated of: (1) General work which can be gone through with in the juniorate and in philosophy; (2) more specialized work—plan of literary, philological, historical and philosophical studies. It concludes with some practical remarks, and is prefaced by a letter from the Father Provincial to the Scholastics.

Pietas Sacerdotalis erga Immaculatam Conceptionem B. V. Mariæ. Fasciculus Precum, Meditationum, et Documentorum quæ collegit P. HENRICUS WATRIGANT, S. J. Romæ-Tornaci, Typis Societatis S. Joannis Evang., 1904; 32mo. pp. 330.

This is a valuable collection of devotions to our Lady Immaculate. It opens with the Bull of Pius IX. defining the dogma, followed by the encyclical of Pius X. proclaiming the jubilee. These are followed by meditations on the Immaculate Conception, "Officia liturgica et missæ," liturgical hymns ancient and modern, "laudes et preces, et Piæ Praxes." An appendix concludes the opusculum with some "Poemata in honorem Immaculatæ Virginis Mariæ." An edition adapted to the laity has also been published in French, and this has been translated into both Italian and French. These little works cannot but help promote piety to Mary Immaculate, as the selections are well made and are truly devotional. We only regret that there is not, too, an English translation.

The "History of the Society," in two volumes, by B. N. (Barbara Neave, now the Countess of Courson,) has long been out of print. It is soon to be republished by "The Messenger" Press, of New York. Ours wishing copies are asked to notify the Editor of "The Messenger," 27 and 29 West Sixteenth street, New York. It will be the only history of the Society in English, as the shorter history by Daurignac, translated by Clements, and published at Cincinnati, is also out of print.

The Lives of our new Blessed, Stephen Pongracz and Melchoir Grodecz, who were killed for the faith at Cassovia, Hungary, September 7, 1619, have been translated from the Italian of Father Angelini into French and published at Paris by Beauchesne et Cie, 116 Rue de Rennes, in 12mo, pp. viii–160.

Father Barnum's Innuit Language. The "Allgemeines Literaturblatt," one of the leading literary reviews of Germany, has the following appreciation of Father Barnum's "Grammatical Fundamentals of Innuit Language." After speaking with high praise of the author's zeal in studying the language amid his missionary exploits, it concludes: "The book will be of admirable service not merely to missionaries, but to travellers and to students of comparative philology and ethnology who desire a more intimate knowledge of Alaska and its people. For in addition to the grammar and a complete vocabulary of the Western Innuit dialect, it also contains a series of those native stories which the Eskimo take delight in relating and listening to. There are, besides, extended commentaries and a number of ethnographic and linguistic notes which supplement those of the introduction in a very satisfactory manner. That Father Barnum's work will be most welcome to philologists is evident from the observations made by G. v. der Gabelentz ('Die Sprachwissenschaft,' S. 426,) regarding the tribes of the Eskimo."

Life of Father Secchi. A new edition of "P. Angelo Secchi, Ein Lebens-und Kulturbild aus dem Neunzehnten Jahrhundert," by Dr. Joseph Pohle, has been recently published. The "Tablet" for August 13, in a notice of the work, pronounces it "learned, trustworthy and sympathetic."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — In addition to our usual exchanges, which have all been received, we beg to acknowledge the following: "Observaciones Meteoroligcas y Magneticas del Colegio de Belen," "Philippine Weather Bureau Observations," "Spring Hill Review," "Clongownian," "Mangalore Magazine," "Zambesi Mission Record," "Chine et Ceylan," "Marquette College Journal," "Jesuit Astronomy," by Father William F. Rigge; "Georgetown College Journal," "Holy Cross Purple," "The Xavier," "Letters and Notices."

QUERY.

LXV. Where can documents be found explaining the adoption of Father Rodriguez' Christian Perfection for spiritual reading in the novitiates of the Society? It is not found in the list of books "ad usum Magistri Novitiorum accomodati" (Reg. 8 Mag. Nov.) When was it introduced? Was any other author ever proposed?

OBITUARY.

Father John McQuaid.

Father McQuaid was born near to the village of Glasslough, Sept. 6, 1826, in the parish of Donagh, county Monaghan, Ireland. He received his early education in one of the national schools of his native parish. He began his classical studies in the classical school in the town of Monaghan kept by a Mr. Moones, who was a distinguished scholar, and completed them in the seminary of the Archdiocese of Armagh.

From this seminary he went to the college of Maynooth where he went through the course of theology. On the completion of his course he joined the Society choosing the Province of France, which then had attached to it the Mission of New York and Canada. After his novitiate he was sent to Laval to repeat his theology and spent four years going through the complete course, not being ordained till the end of the fourth year. As he was destined for the Mission of New York, he obtained permission to visit his native country en route for America and it was at All Hallows College near Dublin, that he was ordained priest.

This was in 1859 and a few weeks after his ordination he set sail for America. He taught in St. Francis Xavier's and Fordham a number of years and spent the rest of his life especially in parish work. He was Parish priest of our church at Fordham for a number of years, Rector of St. Peter's College Jersey City, for eight years and then was pastor of our church at Troy. The last years of his life he spent as Spiritual Father at Holy Cross, Worcester and at Boston. His last illness began at the beginning of February with what seemed a slight cold and a slight congestion of the right lung. On February 11 the last sacraments were given to him. On Good Friday, April 1st, it became apparent that, despite the untiring skill of the physician, careful nursing and every attention that was able to be supplied, God was calling his good priest home. Up to this time—in fact, up to Easter Sunday night—he was never forced to take to his bed. He walked about his room, even took little strolls through the corridor, or smilingly came into the Father Rector's room to see, as he said, that "Superiors were well." On Easter Sunday night the last sacraments were given him for the second time and the end seemed

near. He received Holy Communion every morning during his sickness, except the morning of April 8th, when he could not swallow the sacred Particle. Consciousness remained to the last. He died peacefully on Friday, April 8th.

One who lived with Father McQuaid when he was Rector and was his superior at the time of his death, writes as follows of the good Father:

"As confessor in the church he was loved by his penitents for the consolation and cheerfulness he imparted. As Spiritual Father all loved him for his virtues, brilliant among which was his even charity. As member of the Community we admired him at all times, but especially in recreation, where his cheerfulness, sweet good humor, and simple pleasantness, coupled with the delightful manner of the perfect gentleman, made all happy. Whenever a point of theology was under discussion, Father McQuaid's opinion was appealed to as the best decision. In general, I know of no characteristic of the good Father's which impressed me more than his unfailing cheerfulness, and this he communicated to all who met him. He showed himself a consummate gentleman and a perfect religious. His simple, childlike obedience was wonderful; and there was never a murmur or sign of impatience during his sufferings. Instead, there were words of thankfulness for even the least service done him. We all feel, indeed we know, that his own words spoken to the physician and to me a few days before his death have been realized in fact, 'In a few days heaven will be mine.'" *R. I. P.*

Brother James O'Kane.

Brother James O'Kane was born December the 11th, 1825 at Baronscourt, near Newtownstewart, County Tyrone, Ireland. Before the day of railroads, his father kept a "Carman's Inn" cultivated a farm, and managed the saddlery department of the Marquis of Abercorn. The Marquis became later the Viceroy, or Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. James was baptized by Rev. Mr. Porter, the parish priest, and when of sufficient age was accustomed to serve his Mass when going the rounds of the Christmas and Easter Stations. These Stations were held at the residences of parishioners living at long distances from the parish church, to afford an opportunity to those in the vicinity to make their religious duties. The priest always announced from the altar, on the Sunday before, when and at what place they were to be held.

His school days were nearly all spent in non-Catholic establishments,—especially in that of the "Hibernian So-

ciety". The school he attended was taught by a Methodist preacher, a good old gentleman, who did not show any zeal for proselytising. The school was attended by Catholics and Protestants alike. An Inspector came around every three months, for whom the more advanced pupils were supposed to have ready and committed to memory four chapters of the Protestant New Testament.

He had no recollection that the parish priest made any notable protest against this practice, or that any perversions followed. About the time of Br. O'Kane's leaving for America, his cousin and neighbor, James O'Kane entered Maynooth College. He was a youth of fine abilities, and was in a short time promoted to the Dunboyne Department. He is the author of the well known "Notes on the Roman Rubrics" the outcome of a class which he taught in the College.

In 1841, at the age of fifteen, Br. O'Kane emigrated to America. He landed in Philadelphia on May 16th. Here he was apprenticed to a trade, during which he attended a day and night school. His employer was a man of excellent natural character, whose family, originally Catholic, had fallen away from the church. He was a leading "Odd Fellow" and was heard to say that to be a good Odd Fellow was all that was needed for this life or the next.

During his first year in Philadelphia he came under the influence of Father Felix Barbelin, sometimes called the "Apostle of Philadelphia." The apostle indeed he was, certainly, of its children and youth. In 1842 he joined his famous Sodality, established a year or two previously. This Sodality was believed to be the first, or among the first, instituted outside of our colleges in the United States. It still exists, and is still doing its good work as in the past, sending many of its members to Religious orders and Congregations of men and women. It was in this Sodality through Father Barbelin's direction, that Bro. O'Kane learned his vocation.

Faithful to the call in 1848 he applied to Father Ignatius Brocard, then provincial, for admission to the Society. He was received, and entered on July 18, of the same year.

The Frederick community at that time numbered about twenty-five. Father Samuel Barber was Master of Novices and Rector. The accmmodations in those years were quite primitive, yet no one complained of the privations, and harmony and charity prevailed.

In 1850, Father Barber met with a serious accident, by which he was disabled, and which necessitated his removal from office the following year. Father Angelo Paresce succeeded him, and held the office for ten years.

After taking his vows Brother O'Kane remained in Frederick, occupied as cellarer till August 1853, when he was sent to Georgetown College where he remained for nine years. During this time he held the office of wardrobe keeper, buyer, kept the store for students' supplies, and was

assistant to the venerable Brother Sylvester Clarke in keeping the accounts.

In 1860, Br. O'Kane's sister came to the United States. He had never seen her, as she was born after his departure from home. She was fourteen years of age ; he was permitted to go to Philadelphia to meet her ; and, as may be imagined the meeting was a most interesting one. After spending about two years at school in Philadelphia, his sister chose the religious life, and in 1862 Father Paresce sent her brother to accompany her to Baltimore, where she joined the Sisters of Mercy and is still living there, having charge of Saint Vincent's Orphan Asylum. Nursing the soldiers who were disabled in the war against Spain, and the drudgery in hospitals in the Southern States, impaired her health, though she is still able to fulfil her office.

It was no little consolation in his latter days to reflect that the last two surviving members of the family were closing their lives in the religious state.

In September 1862, Br. O'Kane was sent from Georgetown College to Frederick. Those were stirring times in the old town. Lee's Army crossed the Potomac into Maryland after the second battle of Bull Run, early in September, 1862, and occupied Frederick for a few days. After the evacuation the city was then occupied by the Federal Army under General McClellan. A few days after this time was fought the battle of Antietam, or South Mountain, some fifteen miles west of Frederick.

In Frederick, Br. O'Kane during the nine years of his stay there, taught a class at St. John's School, and was also buyer for the novitiate.

In August 1871 he was sent to Washington to teach a class in Gonzaga college, exchanging places with Br. Edward Donnelly who was sent to Frederick. The college had just been removed from its old site Ninth and F. Streets to I. Street near North Capitol, close to St. Aloysius' Church.

The teachers in the new place were Father Daniel Lynch, two Brothers and four seculars, Father James Clarke was Rector. The scholastics of the Province had nearly all been called in to pursue their studies at Woodstock, and seculars had for a time to take their places.

In the winter of 1871, Dec. 28th, Br. O'Kane was sent to Woodstock. The Printing Office had just been started and was worked by the Scholastics, some of whom were practical printers, as Mr. Francis Casey and Mr. William H. Carroll.

Brother O'Kane continued in charge of the printing office for thirty-one years—till Nov. 1902, when by advice of the physician he was ordered to give up all work and was sent to the hospital for an operation. He returned in improved health and was even able to work in the office setting up type. He thus set up the whole of the Ordo for 1904 and

part of "The Letters" for December 1903. Though after this time he was confined to his room, he continued to take a lively interest in the printing office, and corrected proofs up to the time of his death.

It is thus difficult to appreciate what he did for the Woodstock Press. Though he did not create it, yet he built it up and made it from a work of the scholastics—which must sooner or later have perished—the important office it has become for the Province. To him more than to anyone else is due its progress and success. To "The Letters" his services were invaluable, for he superintended the printing of it from the issue of the first number till the time of his last sickness. He too, formed a number of printers who afterwards held responsible positions. In the early days of the office when everything had to be purchased, and it was difficult to get the means, he persevered and succeeded when many another would have grown discouraged and failed.

This was true also for the different books he printed. How valuable they are and how widely they were spread is known to all in the Province. It is only necessary to mention Father Sabetti's Moral, and Father Mazzella's different treatises on Dogmatic Theology, the first editions of which were set up and printed at Woodstock. They served to give the College a name and a reputation throughout the Society and even the Catholic world; yet it is well to remember that it was no easy matter to print these works in a country place, like Woodstock, without the facilities of a large press. Besides being in Latin they required skilled proof reading and much care in deciphering the manuscript, as these works were set up before the days of typewriters. Yet Brother O'Kane became so skilled in this work that at times he corrected oversights in Latin manuscripts themselves.

The Brother, too, had excellent taste in all that related to printing. His work showed this and when left to himself it was in excellent taste and form. If some programmes and work of the office were wanting in this respect, it may be taken for granted that the fault was not his, but of those who, with less experience, insisted on their own ideas being carried out.

As a religious, Brother O'Kane was exact and edifying. His obedience was remarkable. With his knowledge of printing and his excellent taste, he often knew better how a piece of work should be than those above him. This naturally led him to insist upon his way and his opinion, and at times he was thought to be self-willed and stubborn; but it only needed the expressed wish of his superior to make him relinquish his way and submit his will and judgment.

With his Brothers he was cheerful and charitable. He used to amuse them by writing verses and was ever ready to oblige them in any way he could. He took a real interest in the Community and was never happier than when he could

render it some little service with his printing press. His patience during the suffering of his last sickness was most edifying. Indeed how much he suffered no one knew, so patient and uncomplaining was he. He wrote on a piece of paper which was found in his room after his death: "Oh, how lonely the nights are!" and then recollecting himself "though they hardly seem so to me. I am up every hour and between these ups and downs I obtain a snap doze of sleep." He was desirous to die and met his end camly and peacefully in the afternoon of July 27th last, with no agony, as one falling into a gentle sleep. His work lives after him in the thirty-one volumes of "The Woodstock Letters" and in the theological and philosophical works which he printed for the Woodstock professors.—R. I. P.

LIST OF OUR DEAD IN NORTH AMERICA

From June to September, 1904.

	Age	Time	Place
Fr. Edward Hamon	63	June 12	Prov. Quebec, Canada
Br. Thomas Leonard	82	June 26	Santa Clara, Cal.
Br. Peter Scheuer	87	July 5	Sault-au-Récollet, Can.
Br. James O'Kane	79	July 27	Woodstock, Maryland
Br. Michael Mullany	60	Aug. 9	St. Mary's, Kansas
Br. Francis Haselhorst	73	Aug. 10	St. Xavier's Cincinnati
Mr. John Clynes	27	Aug. 22	Santa Clara, Cal.

Requiescant in Pace.

VARIA.

ALASKA.—*Changes.*—Father René, having been replaced by Father Crimont as Prefect Apostolic, has returned to Spokane, where he is to teach theology in our scholasticate. Father Jetté, our correspondent, after a year's teaching at St. Boniface, has returned to Alaska. Father Howard Brown, formerly of the Maryland-New York Province, has gone to Juneau, to take the place of Father Cardon, who has gone to Florissant for his tertianship. Fr. Devine has returned to Montreal. Father Crimont has taken up his residence at Nome.

An Innuit Prayer Book and Catechism.—Father Jetté took advantage of his return to Canada to have published a little book in Innuit on which he has been working for several years. It is called "Yoyit Rokanaga" (Heavenly Words), and consists of 120 pages of the size of the Ordo. Besides prayers for Mass, morning and evening devotions, etc., it contains a short catechism and a number of hymns in Innuit, several of which were composed by Fathers Robaut and Ragaru. Special type had to be cast for some of the letters.

ST. ANDREW-ON-HUDSON.—Twenty-six scholastic novices have entered for the new scholastic year, and four Coadjutor Brothers since last January. There are in all fifty-four scholastic novices. There are thirty-eight Juniors, two of whom are from the Canadian Mission; thirteen Tertian Fathers, two of whom are from Canada, and one from the Province of Castile, Spain. Twenty of Ours have made their annual retreat here this summer and thirty-five externs have made retreats since the first of January.

The large bell, formerly at Woodstock, and hailing originally from Conewago with the inscription Louvain, Belgium, 1816, has been hung over the roof and now summons the inmates to community duties. The New York Central Railroad has recently completed its fence along the cliffs of our property facing the Hudson River.

ARGENTINA.—In a letter from the Seminary at Buenos Ayres, Father Ferragud writes, "Thank God, there is a very good spirit prevalent here and many religious vocations have taken place in consequence, six members also have been admitted into the Society. Besides these, four have asked for admission into the Noviceship and have been accepted; there are others likely to follow. In addition to these, three have joined the Franciscans." Father Manuel Torrents writes from Santa Fè, "Our College is well supplied with students, as indeed it generally is. The interns number 132, the half-

boarders are 22, the externs reach 162, and the Seminarians 49." From Montevideo Father Planas tells us that, notwithstanding the war, there are in the College 26 Seminarians, 96 interns, and 150 externs. Catechism is regularly taught in the church to an attendance of 800 children.—*Letters and Notices.*

AUSTRIA.—*Innsbruck University.*—During the coming winter *semester* Father Flunk will explain the Psalms (3 hours weekly), lecture on special Introduction to the books of the Old Testament and biblical archaeology (3 hrs.) teach Hebrew (2 hrs.) and conduct a *seminar* on Pentateuch criticism (1 hr.). Father Fonck will explain the sermons of our Lord (3 hrs.) teach Arabic (2 hrs.) and conduct a *seminar* on the Fathers in relation to Scripture (1 hr.) Fathers Kern and Müller teach long course, Father Hurter the three year course for externs, Father Noldin moral, Fr. Hofmann Canon Law. Fr. Michael lectures on Church History from the 11th to the 15th Century; Fr. Gatterer teaches the theory of Sacred Eloquence (2 hrs.) pedagogics (1 hr.) Liturgical principles (1 hr.) and conducts the homiletic *seminar*. Fathers Lercher, Donat and Stufler conduct the philosophical courses. Father Nilles lectures one hour weekly *de vita et honestate clericorum*.

The following Retreats will be given in the seminary: one for students, August 16–20; one for teachers and other professional men, Aug. 22–26; and two for priests, Aug. 29 to Sept. 2 and Sept. 12–16.

Father Flunk has published his *Vaticinia Messiana* and the second edition of Father Fonck's work on the "Parables" was announced for mid-summer. The first part of his "Miracles of our Lord" has also appeared.

Mgr. Joseph Wilpert of Rome, whose recent work on the paintings in the Catacombs has won great applause, is a former Innsbruck student; in recognition of his exalted merit the degree of Doctor of Theology was conferred on him recently by the Innsbruck Faculty of Theology.

The seven seminarians who, following the annual custom, visited Rome during the Easter holidays were received with great kindness by the Holy Father. They were permitted to attend the Mass of His Holiness on Holy Thursday and to make their Paschal Communion with the Papal household. After the Mass, they had an audience with His Holiness and were then entertained at breakfast in the Vatican.

One of our former students has just been elevated to the See of Brünn, Dr. Paul Count von Huyn. The young bishop who is but 36 years old, made his philosophy at Innsbruck, then went to the Germanicum in Rome where he became Doctor of Philosophy, returned to Innsbruck for his theology and won his doctorate, after which he went again to Rome and became Doctor of Canon Law. Before his consecration he spent a week in retreat at Innsbruck and said the community Mass for the seminarians on the Feast of the

Sacred Heart. He is the fourteenth bishop to come from the ranks of the Innsbruck convictors.

The Innsbruck Alumni Association.—Archbishop Messmer, Mgr. Rainer and thirty-three priests, all of whom studied theology at Innsbruck, met at St. Louis on August 23, 1904, and organized an Alumni Association, to foster the spirit of love and union embodied in the motto of the Innsbruck *Priesterverein:* "Cor unum et anima una." Meetings will be held annually, and it is expected that all of the former students will join. Letters of regret from forty-five others who were unavoidably absent cordially endorsed the new organization. Any priest residing in the United States who studied theology at Innsbruck may become a member.

BRAZIL.—Our Society, so far, has been allowed to successfully do its work and our Fathers are, generally speaking, very much esteemed. Fears are, however, entertained that on the revision of the constitution, which is now going on, some articles may be inserted against the foreign religious communities. Brazilians are fond of nearly everything French, hence they may be tempted to imitate the French government's actions against the religious. Our two colleges are well patronized, the one at Itú numbering four hundred boarders, and the other at Nova Friburgo more than two hundred. Our novitiate is doing well under the circumstances, and prides itself on ten novices, half of them Brazilians. The new Bishop of Sao Paulo, who was transferred to this see from Parana, is our friend; he esteems much our Society, and entrusts to one of our Fathers the retreat of his priests. The old missionary and diocesan Director of the Apostleship of prayers, and League of the Sacred Heart, Father Thaddei, is hard at work, giving missions, and preaching in many a parish, being kindly invited by the respective pastors. Your humble servant with his sixty-two summers on his shoulders, is not idle either, devoting himself to all kinds of sinners, trying his best to draw them back to their duties—embracing any nationality, and especially the children of Italy, who are here very numerous, but unfortunately spiritually abandoned and uncared for. In one of the flowery suburbs of this large city I have established a large class of catechism for the young Italians. They number nearly ten hundred. A goodly number of the Italian adults frequent the Sacraments, and generally marry in the church with due preparation.

—*From Father Joseph N. Guidi.*

CALIFORNIA.—*Santa Clara College* produced during Commencement week an original play, the work of one of our scholastics, Mr. D. S. Kavanagh. It is entitled "Henry Garnet, Martyr," and introduces the Guy Fawkes plot, culminating in the execution of Father Garnet It is, in fact, a leaf taken from English history, and portrays well the times

and heroism of the martyr. The alumni and friends of the college who were present were delighted with the students' acting as well as with the character of the play, which, too, met with high praise from the San Francisco press. An elegant souvenir program was published, with illustrations of the different characters and some of the scenes.

Both Santa Clara and St. Ignatius, San Francisco, open the school year on August 1st, and we are glad to learn that both these colleges have a large increase in the number of students.

CANADA, *Montreal, Loyola College.*—The past scholastic year has been a prosperous one, the number of students reached a higher mark than in any preceding year, and the spirit among the boys was never better. The feast of St. Ignatius brought with it an entire change of administration. Father Turgeon finished a term of eight years as Rector of St. Mary's College, to bring to Loyola as Vice-Rector a fund of experience gained during a Rectorship of fifteen years, to continue the work of organizing this young college. Father Jones resumes his invaluable work at the Archives of the Mission, at St. Mary's College. Father Malone is Minister and Bursar. Father McCarthy becomes Prefect of Studies and of Discipline, his place as teacher of Rhetoric being taken by Father Cox. With the exception of the change in the Rhetoric class, the teaching staff is quite unchanged, each Master teaching his class over again. An appointment in keeping with the traditions of the Society is that of Father I. J. Kavanagh, to the chaplaincy of the Royal Victoria Hospital (non-sectarian). This post was held by a secular priest, but the Archbishop has asked for one of our Fathers.

As our stay in the present building is only temporary, few improvements or additions are made, except such as are really necessary, or such as can easily be carried away with us when our new college will have been built. Among those made since the beginning of last year may be mentioned the acquisition of several life-size statues of the Blessed Virgin and of the Saints, and of two new altars in the Boys' Chapel; and in another line, the fitting up of the recreation hall with the usual gymnastic apparatus, and the erection of a shelter running the whole width of the yard, for rainy days. Those of our Fathers who have visited Loyola College, wonder how it is possible for us to have 75 boarders and 25 half-boarders in a yard not 100 ft. square. The difficulty is of course solved by sending the boarders with the Prefects to grounds or to skating rinks rented for the occasion. This caused a great deal of worry and of running about, to the yard prefects. Last year a plan was adopted which was found so satisfactory that it will be still further put into practice this year. A certain sum, voluntary for day scholars, will be charged to the account of every boarder, as a fee for athletics. This fee (supplemented by a grant from the college)

will be the only tax levied during the year for athletics, and will include membership in the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, with the use of its grounds and gymnasium—the best in Canada; admittance to the foot ball matches; the exclusive right to the Arena hockey rink for two hours on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, membership in the Victoria Skating rink just opposite the college, with exclusive right to it for hockey during the evening recreation, five times a week; the renting of other rinks for practice or matches, whenever needed; physical drill by a well-known professional instructor; the use of the billiard room and gymnastic apparatus; as also the carfare to the playgrounds and skating rinks. Thus our college, though so crowded for space, will be able to provide its students with use of what are literally the best grounds, gymnasium and skating rinks in Canada.

Another recent improvement, which when finished will be much appreciated by the community, is the building, at comparatively trifling cost, of two board walks on the roof of our new wing, measuring 85 and 130 feet, respectively, thus converting our roof into a roof-garden. The air in this portion of the city is excellent, and the view of mountain and river is very fine. While thus making the utmost use of our limited space, we may quietly and contentedly abide the time when Providence will place us in possession of our new college.

Cure of a Canadian Father at Lourdes.—Father Bourque, who went last year to Mold for his tertianship, was sent during Lent on a pilgrimage to Lourdes, returning by way of Paris where he was to give a retreat, to beg for relief from a double affliction. Some ten years ago while playing hand ball, he met with an accident which confined him to his room for more than a year. For a long time he was unable to walk without crutches, and ever since had been unable to walk any distance without suffering. He had suffered also for several years from a congestion of the optic nerve, so that he could read, and with difficulty, for only a few minutes. During his four years of theology he was obliged to beg the daily class matter from door to door of his brother scholastics. It was in this state he visited the shrine at Lourdes last March. The following is a letter to one of Ours at Montreal written after his return to Mold :—

"Doubtless you have already learned how good the Blessed Virgin has been to me at Lourdes. My eyes and knee have been entirely cured. It took several days for me to realize the fact, for I could hardly believe it. When going down to the Basin I was asking myself: "Shall I be cured?" When just at that instant the water had reached my knee and without my having made the least movement, I heard very distinctly a nerve displacing itself in the afflicted limb. After the bath, I made the way of the Cross on the Moun-

tain beside the Basilica and experienced hardly any fatigue. On the morrow, the limb felt still better and since that time I have been taking long walks without inconvenience.

"As to my eyes, their cure was likewise effected gradually. The first day, not having any breviary with me, I recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin. The next day at the Grotto, I worked on my sermons almost all day long without fatigue and during my retreat at Orsay, I read, I wrote, and performed all the services of Holy Week and preached like a well man in sound health. All thanks and praise be to Our Lady of Lourdes! . . . . .

Ever Yours devotedly in Our Lord,

H. BOURQUE, S. J."

Father Bourque has returned to Canada and is at present Socius to the Master of Novices.

St. Boniface College, Manitoba, continues this year, as in the past, to win distinction in the University prizes. St. Boniface presented one student for B. A., the first student of the University to complete the new four years' course, and he received a silver medal. In the special course of Latin Philosophy the first scholarship, $100, went to a student of St. Boniface. In the second year of the University course Jacques Mondor, of St. Boniface, won the $60 scholarship for French, Philosophy and Latin, and divided the Greek scholarship of $40. In the first year Lambert Breidenbach was awarded half of the $40 Greek scholarship. Joseph Chabot, of St. Boniface, won the $40 Greek scholarship for French students. Thus St. Boniface College students are entitled to receive $355 in scholarships. Of these the most valuable are the two Greek scholarships, because they are competed for by students from all the other colleges, and as St. Boniface College had a share in both of them, this success alone, without taking into account the other five scholarships awarded for special courses, would place this college in the front rank. For Wesley College, which won the largest number of scholarships this year, namely, thirteen, presented seventy-two candidates, whereas St. Boniface presented only ten candidates, and yet won two scholarships, which is a slightly larger proportion. In the matter of "total standing" or general average the result is still more gratifying. Two of the St. Boniface men have an average of 1 A; one of these is Mondor, who is the only one in two years, the First and Second, in the whole University (over 130 students wrote in these two years) to reach a total standing of 1 A, or 80 per cent. Four other St. Boniface men have an average of 1 B, and the rest, five, are in second class. Not one is as low as third class. Not one has failed in any subject whatever. Nothing like this record can be shown by any other college.

St. Mary's College. A New Rector—Father Joseph Lalande was on St. Ignatius' day appointed Rector. Father Turgeon, who had filled the charge for the past eight years, has been made Rector of Loyola College, Montreal, as announced above.

OUR COLLEGES.—On the last page of this number there will be found a list of the number of students in our colleges during the past scholastic year 1903–1904. It will be seen that there has been an increase of 310 as compared with last year. In the college Course there has been an increase of 22, which is encouraging, as for the past five years there has been a falling off in numbers in this course, it not having as many students now as even in '94–'95.

For the present scholastic year the outlook is bright. Our two colleges in California have opened with a large increase, Chicago, with a gain of 40, and Holy Cross Worcester with a gain of twenty new boarders over the same time last year.

ENGLAND.—*Success at Oxford.*—Mr. Cuthbert Latty, one of our scholastics who has just finished his fourth year at Oxford, obtained First Class in "Greats" at his last examination. He is an old Beaumont boy, having received his entire education there until he entered the Society. Mr. O'Hea—first year at Oxford—got Second in mathematics.

St. Beuno's.—Grand Act in Theology.—On July 26 Father George Joyce defended in public a list of theses that covered the whole ground of Scholastic and Dogmatic Theology. Very Rev. Father Sykes, the new Provincial, presided, and among those present were Father Vincent McNabb, the Dominican Prior, and Father Peter Finlay, of Milltown Park, Dublin. The Act lasted four hours. The morning session was opened by a dissertation on the expression "Filius Dei," and its probative force for the Divinity of Christ. The subjects treated, respectively, were the Act of Faith, the freedom of will under the influence of Grace, the government of the Church, and the historical value of the Gospels. In the afternoon session the objectors were Dr. Moriarty and Father P. Finlay, the subjects dealt with being the Hypostatic Union and Confession. From the "Corona," Father Benson proposed difficulties against the Infallible Magisterium of the Church. At the conclusion of the disputation the Provincial, Father Sykes, in a Latin speech, congratulated Father Joyce on the felicitous and successful manner in which he had met all the objections brought against his theses. He also thanked the visitors who had come from afar to take part in the disputation. This speech closed a very successful public Theological Act.—*London Tablet, August 6, 1904.*

Stonyhurst.—Silver Jubilee of the Stonyhurst Association of Old Students.—To worthily commemorate this Jubilee the Father Rector invited the members to Stonyhurst from July 25th to 28th. A good number responded to the invitation, and eighty—seventy of whom were members of the Association—sat down to the annual dinner, which was held at the college. Among the guests was Father Purbrick, who received an enthusiastic greeting when his name was mentioned by the President, Lord Herries.

The Oxford Higher and Lower Certificates Examinations.—The results of these examinations held by the Oxford and Cambridge School Examinations have just been published. Stonyhurst has an easy lead of all the Catholic Colleges, then St. Edmund's Hall, (not one of our colleges) and in the third place, only one behind, is Beaumont. In the Oxford Local Examinations St. Ignatius, Stamford Hill, St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, and Mt. St. Mary's lead the other colleges for First Class Honors, while at Malta St. Ignatius College obtained one First Class for Senior Honors.

Father Purbrick has been changed from Clongowes Wood, Ireland, and is now stationed at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool.

FORDHAM.—*St. John's College to have a Law and Medical School.*—At the last Commencement it was announced by Father Collins, the Rector, that it had been determined by the Faculty to open soon a law and medical department. It has been found impossible to do this during the present scholastic year, but a circular will soon be issued giving further details. Ground has been broken for the new hospital which is to be erected by the city on ground purchased from the college, fronting on the Boulevard. This hospital will give excellent practice to the future medical students.

FRANCE.—*Grand Act at Canterbury*, the theologate of the Provinces of France and Lyons. On the 7th of last April Father Jules Lebreton defended publicly treatises on all dogmatic and apologetic theology before a distinguished audience, comprising the Rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, Dom Cabrol, Abbot of Farnborough; the Provincials of France and Lyons, and a great number of English religious and ecclesiastics. The Archbishop of Westminster, to whom the 277 theses were dedicated, was prevented by sickness from being present. Father Lebreton defended brilliantly his theses, both in the morning and afternoon sessions, and thus gave proof that he was no less a theologian than a *littérateur*. For it may be remembered that it was the same Father who, in 1901, received from the Sorbonne the degree of "docteur-ès-lettres, avec mention tres honorable" for two learned theses—one on the language of Cicero, the second on the syntax of Cicero. (See LETTERS, Vol. XXX., p. 146.)

GALICIA.—*A New "Letters."*—The Province of Galicia has issued the first number of *Naze Wiadmosci*, a publication like our own LETTERS. It begins with the Instruction of Father General, "De Litteris Ædificantibus," which was published in the first number of the "Cartas Edificantas de la Assistencia de España," 1900, and is followed by the Jubilee Letter of his Paternity to the WOODSTOCK LETTERS in 1896. It also contains an unpublished letter of R. P. Czerniewicz in 1777 to the Fathers and Brothers in White Russia, and a poem by Cardinal Franzelin. Both of these are in Latin; the rest is in Polish.

GERMAN PROVINCE. *Retreats for Workingmen in Münster, Westphalia.*—This work of our German Fathers was begun in April, 1902. After funds had been collected, a wing was added to the large Workingmen's Home on Schillerstrasse. It contains forty rooms, besides the chapel, reading room and refectory. The domestic work is in charge of the Sisters of Divine Providence. To reduce the expenses of the exercitants to a minimum (three marks for board, in addition to travelling expenses and loss of wages,) double holidays were at first chosen for the Retreats. Interest, however, was aroused—there being 125 applicants at Pentecost, 1904—and now the experiment has been made of beginning the exercises on Sunday and ending them on Tuesday afternoon. Fifteen men have applied for the first of the exercises under the new order. Though interest in the Retreats among the Reverend Directors and members of the Workingmen's Societies was first awakened by circulars and a brochure entitled "Workingmen's Retreats, Kevelaer, 1902," the exercises themselves have done most to make them known, and to bring others to share in their benefits. The Retreats are conducted alternately by two of our Fathers, who are at the Juniorate, Exaten, preparing sermons. From April, 1902, until May, 1904, nineteen Retreats (Courses) were given, in which 617 men took part. The exercitants, mostly earnest young men, belonged to the dioceses of Münster, Cologne, Paderborn, Hildesheim and Osnabruck. It was gratifying to note that the Rev. Directors of the Workingmen's Societies, in sending men to make the Retreats, gave the preference to those who took an active part in the social and economic work of the societies. Many made great sacrifices in order to be present. Their observance of silence and the daily order during the exercises was exemplary. The results have been in keeping with the generosity and earnestness with which these workingmen have availed themselves of the days of solitude and recollection. The exercitants have returned to their homes filled with a holy enthusiasm, and have distinguished themselves by their zeal among their fellow workmen. One declared: "The days of the Retreat have been the happiest of life—even happier than the day of my first Communion. I was then but a child; but now I am better able to appreciate the happiness and grace of our holy religion." Bishop Hermann, of Münster, has highly commended the work, and in his pastoral of February 18, 1902, he speaks of the good which must accrue to the working classes, even if only a few of their members make the Retreats, on account of the influence which these will exert in their families and among their fellows.

Feldkirch.—The Ignatian Men's Society.—This organization, the formation of which began in 1900 with 275 members, is in a flourishing condition, and now has a membership of over a thousand. All have made the exercises here at

least once and some two and three times. The Society, among its other works, advances money to men desirous of making a Retreat but unable to bear the expense; 121 men have been aided in this way. The annual conventions always arouse great enthusiasm. At the last convention, held on April 17 and 18, Father Buchholz, S. J., made an address. He received a most hearty welcome, as it was the first time after thirty-two years exile that he was allowed by German law to appear before an audience in Germany.

Number of Students.—The students attending the colleges of the German province in 1903–4 numbered 5,785, an increase of twenty-three over the preceding year. Of these 1,482 were boarders and 4,303 day scholars. The largest attendance is that of St. Xavier's High School, Bombay, India, which has 1,396 students.—*Condensed from the "Mittheilungen."*

SAINT IGNATIUS WATER.—Father James A. Dowling, of St. Xavier Church, Cincinnati, has had published a booklet of thirty pages on "The Holy Water of St. Ignatius" which is doing much to make the devotion better known. He has issued the following circular, which is especially of interest to those of Ours engaged in parish work:

ST. XAVIER CHURCH,
CINCINNATI, O., *Aug. 10, 1904.*

REV. DEAR FATHER:

If your Reverence knows of any instances of cures effected by the use of the Holy Water of St. Ignatius, or if you can obtain such from any of Ours, I would be very grateful if you could conveniently send me whatever would be useful in a little booklet on the Holy Water of St Ignatius, or that would tend to increase devotion to our holy Founder. Occurrences in our own country, especially if they contain names and dates as far as possible, are apt to have more effect than instances from foreign countries, and I think there are many cases known to our Fathers which might be well worth recording.

Hoping this will not cause you too much inconvenience, and awaiting an early reply, I remain

Sincerely yours in Xto,
JAS. A. DOWLING, S. J.

JAMAICA. *Changes*—Father Raley has taken Father Matthews' place, who has returned and is at present at St. Inigo's.

During the summer Fathers Emmerick and Kayser paid a visit to the Province, and returned in August to the Mission.

JAPAN—*Visit To Nangasaki.* The following letter is from Father Joseph Dahlmann, who is pursuing his studies of Oriental Languages in China. It is translated from the German "Mittheilungen."

The last stop in my journey was at Nangasaki. After the three month's of tourist life and study, the three days which I was able to pass at Nangasaki, were real days of recreation, and memorable days they were to me. "At Nangasaki in Japan." How often do we hear these words in the Martyrology! The most glorious City of martyrs in the modern history of the Church is Nangasaki. The very queen of the cities of martyrs of the East. How many sacred memories of the Society's toils and sufferings cling about the hills and mountains which surround the port of Nangasaki, and which indeed make that harbor one of the most beautiful that the world can show.

There, sloping down to the sea, is the terrace of rocks upon which Father Spinola with his fifty two companions underwent the torture of fire.

In the background you can see the hill where long ago were raised, in full view of the city, the three glorious Saints, John, Paul, and James. A short distance further away once stood the episcopal residence from which our Fathers had to gaze on the scenes of martyrdom. There is now a large pagoda on the spot and on the other side of the hill you can see a monastery of the Bonzes, situated in the valley-road which leads from Ximabara to Nangasaki.

Long ago in the midst of this beautiful country rose the Seminary of the Society, and when the Blessed Pacheco, the Provincial, was being conducted, loaded with chains from Ximabara to Nangasaki [1] there to be burned alive, his way took him past the Seminary already at that time abandoned.

Upon arriving at the place he begged his captors to allow him to pay one more visit to the ancient chapel. They granted his request. And then the Provincial, weighed down with irons as he was, fell on his knees before the ruined Altar where so many Martyrs had once offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and offered to God the sacrifice of his own life. A few moments more and he too reached the place of execution where so many of his brothers had gone before him.

But my dear Father, you would have to have these places directly under your own eyes, as I did, to realize the sentiments which are stirred up in one's heart by memories like these. As I stood on the rocky terrace on the spot where Father Spinola blessed the little Ignatius whom the child's mother held up to him for the last time, I could call up that scene, stern but inspiring, which these surroundings showed that day. Thirty thousand Christians witnessed the martyrdom, some of them in boats on the sea and others gathered on the cliffs and hill which surrounded the town. And when the flames rose up and the smoke hid the heights from view, the martyrs' lips intoned the "Laudate Dominum omnes

[1] Shimbara and Nagasaki are found on the maps and in the Gazeteers; we have kept the spelling used in our Martyrologies.—*Editor W. L.*

gentes," and joined to their dying voices, high and clear, came the prayers of the thirty thousand Christians who, decked out in their holiday attire as if for divine service, stood by at the sacrifice. No exterior sign now recalls these events, all has been blotted out, yet still the eye cannot turn away from those hills on which these memories seem to be forever graven.

Another spectacle greeted my eyes in one of the suburbs of Nangasaki—Urakami. Here there is a community of six thousand Christians, all without exception descendants of the ancient Christians converted by our Fathers. For two hundred years without the aid of a priest they had preserved the Catholic Faith. The way in which the faith, though with many corruptions it is true, was handed down among these poor people is a unique story in the church's history.

The 17th of March 1867, will remain memorable always, for it was on that day in the Cathedral recently erected there that the ancient Christians were discovered. A few poor Japanese women had entered the church and were gazing around not without timidity and hesitation, when Father Petitjean since Bishop, drew near and began to explain everything to them as he led them through the church. He made a short act of adoration before the tabernacle and as he did so one of the women leaned towards him and whispered in his ear, —

"Thy heart and our hearts are one in sentiment." In astonishment the Father looked up quickly and demande what she meant; the women pointed to the statue of the Virgin Mary on the neighboring altar and answered, "Sancta Maria Sama." (Holy Mary Lady)—Jesus Sama (Lord Jesus.")

"How do you know this" asked Father Petitjean.

"Our ancestors have taught it to us" was the answer.

Upon pushing his questions further the Father learned that they knew the words "Baptismo" "contriçao" the prayer Our Father and parts of the Hail Mary—the Salve Regina—the Confiteor and the Laudate pueri Dominum. They administered baptism, gave Christian names to the children, practised abstinence three times a week, observed Lent and the feast of Easter. Their last calendar which had served them up to the day on which they were discovered was for the year 1637.

You can easily imagine what a joy it was to me to see with my eyes these Christians. The Superior of the Seminary took me to Urakami where about six thousand of them have their homes. I assisted at Holy Mass and the church was crowded though it was already the fifth Mass on that Sunday. After the last Mass came a general Catechism instruction for the children. It was a happy sight—these two hundred children descendants of the ancient Christians. And these Christians, poor for the most part, are actually building new Churches in thanksgiving for the preservation of the

faith among them and to atone for the falling away of so many Christians. The Church will stand over the very place where, of old, the Christians were forced to trample on the Cross or, if they refused, were hanged on a tree and beaten to death. This tree I have seen ; it stands a little to the side of the new Church.

I have said Mass three times before the Statue of our Lady by means of which the ancient Christians were discovered, at the very place where they were recognized. Bishop Petitjean is buried before the high altar.

THE NAME "JESUIT."—It is interesting to know that the name Jesuit was used before the foundation of the Society of Jesus, both as a title of honor and as a nickname of reproach. Dr. N. Paulus, of Munich, last year contributed a note on the subject to the Innsbruck *Zeitschrift* (vol. 27, p. 174). As a title of honor it is found in the work by the Carthusian Henry Arnoldi, of Saxony, who died as Prior in Basle in 1487 : "Tractatus de modo perveniendi ad veram et perfectam Dei et proximi dilectionem, habens fundamentum in theologia mystica. A Carthusiano quodam editus," published at Basle about 1470. We find the following words in an explanation of the *Ave Maria* : "O mater Salvatoris, o mater gratiæ, quoniam iste verus filius tuus, etiam verus Dei filius, dictus est vere nomine et re per mysterium Iesus a salvando, Christus ab unctionis dono, fac materno interventu tuo, ut nos tui pauperculi, quorum etiam mater dici non verecundaris, sicut a Christo Christiani, id est, uncti vocati sumus, ita quoque a Iesu *Iesuitæ*, id est, salvati vocari veraciter mereamur."

As a word of reproach it occurs in the *Confessionale* of the Louvain professor of theology and preacher, Gottschalk Rosemund, published at Antwerp in 1519 (f. 12 a). In the accusation of pride, the author puts the following words into the mouth of the penitent: "Prætermisi verbum Dei docere, ecclesias et sermones visitare, studere, societates et commessationes vitare, ac alia diversa pietatis opera facere neglexi vel omisi, ob quorundam derisorum obloquutionem, qui dicerent me esse pharisæum, *iesuitam*, hypocritam, beginam." It appears from this passage that the name Jesuit was used in the sense of the modern German term *Betbruder*, or, as we might say ironically that such a one was "a saint." Hence it is likely that the term was applied to the sons of St. Ignatius on their first appearance in Germany, not merely because they called themselves the Companions of Jesus, but chiefly as a renewal of the old nickname. This is confirmed by a letter of Blessed Peter Canisius from Cologne February 5, 1545, to a Dutch count. He remarks that it was *invidia* and *obtrectatio* "quæ nobis Iesuitæ nomen dedit" (Braunsberger, *Canisii* Epistulæ I, 134).

In the following number of the *Zeitschrift* some further remarks are added in the editorial section. Attention is called to the use of the name Jesuit by the Carthusian, Ludolph of

Saxony, (Vita Jesu Christi, pars I., cap. 10, Venetiis 1568, fol. 32, J.), where Ludolph seems to hold St. Augustine responsible for the etymology and cannot, therefore, be supposed to have invented the term himself.

Martin Olave, in the apology for the Society that he composed in 1555, in answer to the charges of the Sorbonne, says that it was not the original intention to call the members of the order Jesuits (though the name afterwards became common in Germany), because there were religious who had already appropriated the name, and it was even used by an ancient military order.

Olave's words may be found in Orlandini, Historiæ Soc. Jesu, lib. 15, n. 47 (Romæ 1615, p. 506). Dr. Pastor, in his History of the Popes (English translation, vol. 3, p. 46), speaks of the military order, *Societas Jesu Christi*, to which reference is made. The other religious were the *Jesuati*. As Olave wrote in Paris, the name must have been used there (cfr. Orlandini, lib. 9, n. 26).

In Littre's French Dictionary the Chancellor Pasquier is quoted as giving, in 1564, the French form *jesuistes*, though he knew also the ordinary form.

A brief of Pius IV., May 29, 1565, addressed to the Paris Parliament for the protection of the Society, begins: "Societatem, quæ vocatur jesuitarum." (Synopsis actorum in causa S. J., [Florentiæ, 1887,] pag. 41).

Pius V. in a letter to his nuncio in France September 11, 1569, defends "Ant. Possevinum jesuitam" against various accusations. (Sacchini, Hist. S. J., pars III., lib. 5, n. 145).

Gregory XIII., on November 22, 1575, begs the Duke of Bavaria "ne mendaciis credat contra Franc. Toletum Jesuitam, hominum omnium qui nunc sunt sine ulla controversia doctissimum." (Synopsis, l. c., page 77.).

Mexico.—*A Grammar of the Taraumara.*—Father Leonard Gasso writes from Mexico: "I came back yesterday from a mission which I was appointed to give as soon as I had finished and printed the grammar of the Taraumara language. This work is now accomplished, and may God make it useful for good. It is not to be published for sale, but is to be distributed to Ours, because while so little effect can as yet be produced among the natives, it is not wise that we should put it within the reach of Protestants and others, who might make it a means of profit to themselves. An American philanthropist has lately spent six years in the country trying to learn the native language in order that he may be able to preach in Taraumara, but happily without success. And now at Washington he is delivering lectures on the natural virtues and habits of this race. Another person, also a Yankee, has sent me 160 pages of Taraumaran phrases as a means of entering into communication with me, but I have refused to allow him to do so. He wrote some Spanish phrases alongside of the Taraumara, but this, like all the

other South American languages, contains so many words of different meaning that he was unable to make them out correctly. And so we may hope that the Indians will not be able to understand the Spanish words, nor the Americans to make out the Taraumaran."—"*Letters and Notices.*"

MISSOURI PROVINCE.—About the middle of July Father William Stanton, who had been working in Manila for the past three years as an Assistant in the Observatory and occasionally exercising the ministry among the American residents, returned to St. Louis. On Saturday, Sept. 3, accompanied by Father William Bennett and Mr. Bernard Abeling, he took his departure for Spain, the destination of the two Fathers being the tertianship at Manresa and that of Mr. Abeling the completion of his theological course at Gandia. Before sailing from New York, they were to be joined by Father James Monaghan, also destined for the tertianship at Manresa.

Father William Hornsby, who returned from China last Spring, has, at the request of the Superior of the Canadian Mission, been detailed for work among the Catholic Chinese of Montreal numbering some two hundred.

St. Louis.—Scholasticate.—The following theologians were raised to the priesthood on June 29: William Bennett, Joseph Davis, Fitz George Dinneen, William T. Doran, William J. Eline, Aloysius F. Frumveller, Gilbert J. Garraghan, John M. Lyons, Patrick A. Mullens, Simon J. Nicolas, William P. Quinlan and R. Wise of the *Missouri Province;* Henry Bordigoni, Camillus Crivelli, Joseph M. Estrada, Joseph Gonzalez and Peter M. Jimenez of the *Mexican Province;* Joseph Coronas and Emmanuel Peypoch of the *Aragon Province;* Andrew B. Fox, Michael A. Grace, Kevin Nolan and Lawrence P. White of the *New Orleans Mission;* Francis X. Hoefkens and Alphonsus J. Lebeau of the *New Mexico Mission;* James A. Colligan of the *California Mission.* There has been no change among the professors in either department for the new year. The number of students in course is as follows: *theology, long course,* 79, of whom 43 belong to the Missouri Province, 5 to the Mexican, 3 to that of Aragon, 1 to that of Castile, 10 to the New Orleans Mission, 7 to the New Mexican, 6 to that of Rocky Mts., 2 to that of Buffalo and 2 to that of California; *short course,* 15, of whom 10 are of the Missouri Province, 2 of the Buffalo Mission, 1 of the Mexico Province, 1 of the New Orleans Mission and 1 of the Rocky Mts.; *philosophy,* 62, the Missouri Province contributing 42, the New Orleans Mission 14, the New Mexico 5 and the California Mission 1.

College.—Father A. J. Garvey has replaced Father Joseph Dickhaus as Prefect of Studies, and Father Simon Nicolas has succeeded Father George Leahey as assistant Prefect of Studies the two Fathers relieved have gone, the former to Detroit College as Professor of Poetry and the latter to

Florissant for his tertianship. Father Garvey has been succeeded by Father Thomas Wallace as Professor of Greek in the juniorate. Father James Finn, lately Socius of the Master of Novices, has been appointed Professor of philosophy, junior year.

Chicago. St. Ignatius College.—Father Joseph Kennedy has retired to the tertianship, having been replaced as Prefect of discipline by Mr. Roland Kenny, and Father William Robison has succeeded Father Thomas Conners as Professor of Poetry, the latter having been transferred to St. Mary's College for the same work.

Cincinnati. St. Xavier's College. Father Francis Porter has been transferred from the chair of philosophy in this College to that in St. Mary's, and replaced by Father James Meloy. Father Michael Eicher has given way to Father Joseph Davis, as Professor of Rhetoric, to resume the duties of Socius of the Novice Master, and Father John O'Connor has taken the class of Poetry in place of Mr. John Whelan, who has entered on his course of theology. On Aug. 12 the golden jubilee of Father Thomas Chambers' entrance into the Society was fittingly celebrated, the preacher at the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving in our Church of St. Francis Xavier being Father Frederick Garesché, who is now happily rounding his 59th year as a Jesuit and is still withal a vigorous worker in the vineyard of the Lord.

Omaha. Creighton University.—A Law Department is to be inaugurated this year and, though the beginning in line of quarters will be modest, the staff of Professors secured bids fair to attract a large number of students. Father Michael Ryan has succeeded Father James Meloy as Professor of rhetoric.

Fr. Coppens says—It is always an interesting question for educators, "How do your pupils compare with those of other schools?" Here is a fact in point. At the commencement exercises of Bush Medical College, Chicago, 776 students received their M. D. Of these only eight were selected to speak on the occasion; and of these eight, two were A. B.'s from Creighton College, the only two of our students who belonged to the class. One had the Class Oration, the other the Class History.

St. Mary's College.—Father Adolph Kuhlman has been replaced by Father William Doran as assistant Prefect of Studies, and Father Aloysius Breen by Father Herman Deters as assistant Procurator.

British Honduras.—Father Edmund Coony and Mr. Daniel Coody are the latest arrivals in this Mission, sent to replace Father Michael Leary and Mr. Charles Imbs, the former of whom has been recalled to recuperate, the latter to take up the study of theology.

Florissant. St. Stanislaus Novitiate.—The Fathers of the third probation number 20, of whom 14 belong to the Missouri Province, 3 to the Rocky Mts. Mission, 2 to the New Orleans Mission, and 1 to the New Mexico Mission. The 2d year Juniors number 13, the 1st year 18; all of whom are of the Missouri Province, with the exception of one in each year from the New Mexico Mission.

New Orleans Mission.—*A new College.* After the Cotton Centennial Exposition of 1884, the western portion of the city of New Orleans began to grow with wonderful rapidity. It was then that Archbishop Janssens offered to our Fathers a new parish erected near Audubon Park. It was decided to accept the offer and a location was chosen for the new church, just opposite the main entrance of the Park. The person who owned the proposed site was utterly opposed to Catholics in general, and to Jesuits in particular; so a close friend of Ours undertook to purchase the desired spot. He spoke to a Protestant friend, and the result was the sale of what is known as Jesuits' Place for $22,000. The ultimate idea of Father J. O'Shanahan was the building of a school as soon as circumstances would seem to warrant such a course. In the meantime he set to work to erect a suitable church and residence. The church was built entirely of native woods, in ornamented Gothic style. It was remarked at the time that the builders and carpenters were all Brothers of the Society, the principal being Brothers Brinkhaus, Morge, and Jimenez. Brother Morge is well known for his beautiful carving and cabinet work, all of which, however, had to be of "treizième siècle" style. It became a standing remark that all work of Brother Morge was "treizième siècle." In choosing the name for the parish and church our Fathers desired to perpetuate the memory of the first Jesuit church in New Orleans. The old chapel, built in 1848 at the corner of Baronne and Common Streets, had as title "Holy Name." On the occasion of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception the title was changed, and the church placed under the invocation of Our Lady Immaculate. So the St. Charles Avenue church became known to Ours as the Holy Name, and to outsiders mainly as the "Little Jesuits." The first Fathers appointed to take charge of the parish were Father John Downey and Joseph Gerlach. It was on Sunday 29th, 1892, that the church was blessed by Father Downey, who thus entered on his long service as first pastor of the Holy Name. The following Fathers served the parish from 1892 to 1904: Fathers Faget, B. Maguire, D. Murphy, C. McLaughlin, M. Jannin, P. Murphy.

At last it was decided that the idea of establishing a school should now be put into execution. Accordingly, Father Biever was named Superior and entered on his task of estab-

lishing the "Loyola College." Circulars were distributed to most of the Catholic families of the city and the question of housing the pupils taken up. It was decided to place the temporary quarters in the large home formerly owned by Judge McGloin, which had become our property. Desks and school furniture were ordered and the necessary alterations made in the rooms of the homestead on Saratoga Street. For the moment this will contain the class rooms. Later on, if all goes well, the plans for more imposing buildings will be drawn up. The circular announces that individual supervision or personal tutoring, scarcely possible in a large school, will form a special feature. Hence the classes will be strictly limited in numbers, and the utmost care will be exercised in the admission of pupils. The opening took place on Sep. 6th, and it was a very encouraging sign to see some nine boys present. Especially so, as at this time of the year most of our New Orleans boys are still with their parents at the various Gulf watering resorts. Two of the boys in fact are to make the trip from Pass Christian to New Orleans every day till the beginning of October. More are expected during the coming month, and taken altogether the outlook is encouraging. The fact that there is no preparatory department deprived us of quite a number of boys, while others were desirous of admission if the school took boarders. Some applications came even from Georgia. So far, then, the venture has not proved uninviting and, please God, the future holds still brighter prospects.

If the uptown sister of the Immaculate Conception thrives as well as the college on Baronne Street, there will be every cause to feel satisfaction that Loyola College has been started.

Galveston.—With the completion of the sea wall, which protects our island city for miles around, we expect in a short time that the conditions existing previous to the storm will soon be restored. Our college has been doing fairly well under the circumstances. Last year we had five classes; the highest was Poetry.

Our new church, which was dedicated January 17 past, is greatly admired. The interior decorations, in keeping with the Moresque style of architecture, are about finished and will soon be put in place. Our new pulpit, the gift of Mr. Feste, the artist who is in charge of the interior decorations, is altogether original in design, and will be one of the finest in the South. We expect to finish everything in about two months time.

NEW YORK.—*Father Young's Visit to Rome.* Father Young, for many years director of the Choir at St. Francis Xavier's, New York, left at the end of June for a visit to Rome and got back at the end of August. He writes as follows: "I have safely returned from a trip of explo-

ration through the musical regions beyond the Atlantic. It seemed a hazardous undertaking at a moment when a dead calm begins to settle upon the old world as the new; still I happened to arrive in the nick of time, and by a fortunate combination of circumstances I was able to accomplish in less than three months what would have ordinarily take a full year. The idea of my journey met with universal approval and commendation on the part of Ours wherever I stopped from Naples to Liverpool. The Holy Father was especially pleased and gratified. So much indeed that when at the end of the first audience I knelt down to ask for various blessings, he said, "Oh no, Father, not now; there is plenty of time for that; you will have to come again." So I did go again on the day previous to my departure from Rome, when His Holiness not only granted everthing I asked, but with his own hand added five lines of commendation to one of the documents I presented and four lines to another. Of this I hope to give you later a fuller account.

PHILADELPHIA.—*The Commencement at St. Joseph's College.*—The presence of His Eminence Cardinal Satolli, as well as of His Grace the Archbishop, of Mgr. Dennis O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University, and other distinguished clergymen and gentlemen of the laity, lent unusual splendor to the occasion, while the holding of the exercises in the open air not only contributed to the comfort of everybody, but also gave to the Commencement the added charm of novelty. The weather, as it happened, was ideal. The stage, as well as the walls of the College were tastefully decorated, and the nine arc electric lights, which had been placed temporarily in the campus, made the whole scene as bright as day. The students spoke with grace and earnestness, and were listened to throughout with marked attention. It was no little credit to them to have so successfully overcome the difficulties of speaking in the open air as to have held the attention of so large an audience.

Father O'Conor's Dante.—Father O'Conor continues to receive letters of approval of his "Dante." Charles Eliot Norton, John Thompson, Librarian of the Free Library Philadelphia, and the Professor of Literature at the Drexel Institute have, with others, written highly commendatory letters.

The Gesu.—A Choir of Men and Boys.—A new choir is now in process of formation, to be composed exclusively of men and boys. It will, of course, require time before the latter are sufficiently trained to permit of their taking part in public functions, and meanwhile for these we shall be obliged to depend mainly on a double quartet. The boys will be recruited for the most part from our parochial school, but others from any part of the city will be welcome, provided they have desirable voices, and bring with them suitable

recommendations. Already some sixty or seventy lads have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, and are attending the daily singing class. Here a two-fold object is aimed at: the cultivation of the voice—a head-voice alone being tolerated—and instruction in singing from the notes. This class will be kept up for some months, that is, as long as will be necessary for the formation of the new choir; later on less frequent rehearsals will suffice. It is hoped that it will be possible to select from among all the boys at least a hundred and fifty promising voices, to be kept in constant training and to serve as a supply from which the choir can be replenished or augmented according as there is need. Those actually engaged in the church functions, both men and boys, together with these reserves, will constitute what is henceforth to be known as the Guild of St. Cecilia. The double quartet of men's voices has already sung the Masses for September, while the Vespers are Gregorian.

A Life of Father Villiger is in preparation. As it is desirable to make this life as complete as possible, those having letters written by the Father or documents and interesting facts about him are requested to send them to the Editor of the LETTERS. They will be kept carefully and returned in a short time if so desired.

PHILIPPINES.—*Governor Taft's Letter to Father Zwack.*—Upon the departure of Governor Taft from Manila, in December, 1903, Father George Zwack, who formerly studied at the Georgetown Observatory and now is attached to the Manila Observatory, being personally acquainted with the Governor, sent him a farewell letter in the name of the staff of the Weather Bureau. He explained the absence of the Fathers from the farewell reception to his Excellency, and added a few words of commendation regarding his administration. Governor—now Secretary—Taft replied as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON,
February 8, 1904.

MY DEAR FATHER ZWACK:

I had not an opportunity before leaving Manila to answer your very kind note of farewell of December 21st, and I beg to thank you for the good wishes of the Jesuit Fathers of the Observatory which you transmit. I also note the fact that you do not concur in the views of some earnest Catholic writers who seem to regard me as an enemy of the Catholic Church. Of course, in religious matters it is difficult to conform to the views of everybody, especially when one has to steer a middle course between contending factions; but it is very gratifying to know that you and your associates—who certainly cannot be regarded as lacking in loyalty to the Catholic faith—are content to credit me with an attempt to do

justice between you all. I think the settlement of the friars' land question may aid all parties to look at matters with a less contentious spirit.

With warm and respectful regards, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

—*From the "Mittheilungen."* W. H. TAFT.

Changes.—Father Stanton has returned from Manila and will make his tertianship at Manresa, Spain. Father Stanton continued up to the time of his departure his valuable communications to the Philippine Weather Bureau on "Insects Affecting the Crops in the Philippines." His labors have been appreciated at Washington, where he has been honored by the Smithsonian Institute bestowing his name on a species of crop-destroying insect which he discovered while at the Manila Observatory.

Father John J. Thompkins, of the Maryland-New York Province, sailed for Manila on August 30. He will be engaged in teaching English in our college, and in preaching and hearing English confessions in our church.

Father Algué, who for the past three months has been occupied at St. Louis and Washington with the Filipino exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, returned to Manila at the end of July. Father Villalonga, who has just finished his tertianship at Florissant, went with him. During last Lent Father Villalonga preached a mission to the Filipinos who were engaged in putting up the buildings and constructing the map for their exhibit.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIPS.—*Success of Our Students.*—At least two of our students have succeeded in passing the written examinations for these scholarships. They are Elliott Ross, of Loyola College, Baltimore, and John J. Clifford, of St. Ignatius College, Chicago. Ross made his studies and graduated from Loyola College, where he led in all his classes. He was noted as well for his manly piety as for his application. What makes his success the more remarkable is that he prepared for the examination after more than a year's absence from studies, while he was holding a Government position which occupied most of the day and necessitated a daily trip from Baltimore to Washington and return. Clifford is a junior in St. Ignatius College, Chicago; is but twenty years old, and is the youngest of the three successful candidates from Illinois. It redounds especially to his honor that he took the examinations without any preparation for them. His competitors had been furnished with a syllabus of the matter of examination several months in advance, and they had been studying hard for the test; but Clifford heard of the examination one day and took it the next. The examinations passed by these students were all in writing; the papers were sent to Oxford and judged there. The examinations were thus perfectly fair, as the examiners did not know those undergoing the ordeal.

Besides this written examination, which tests the candidates' literary and scholastic attainments, the trustees of The Rhodes Trust direct that a committee from each State choose from the successful candidates the scholar for the year, paying especial attention to "(1) his fondness for and success in manly out-door sports; (2) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, etc.; (3) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character, and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates." Mr. Rhodes suggested that 1 and 2 should be decided in any school or college by the votes of fellow students, and 3 by the head of the school or college. In the case of Ross, as it seems, these suggestions were not followed. He was not called to appear before the committee, and the head of the college was only consulted at the last moment.

How differently the committee acted in the State of Nebraska is evident from the following letter, which we owe to the kindness of Father M. P. Dowling, Rector of Creighton University, who gives us also the impression the candidates made upon him:—

THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY,
OMAHA, NEB., *June 12, 1904.*

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

As I was a member of the committee appointed to select the student who should be awarded the Rhodes Scholarship for the State of Nebraska, I thought you might like to learn what impressions the contestants made upon me.

Before this committee met, the various candidates who presented themselves for the scholarship had already passed the examination which was to determine their eligibility from the intellectual point of view. All that the committee was called upon to do was to find which one of the successful competitors came nearest to filling the requirements laid down by the will of Cecil Rhodes. Nine young men had entered—four from the University of Nebraska, two from Grand Island College, a Baptist institution; one from Bellevue and one from Hastings, both Presbyterian establishments, and one from some other college, whose name does not occur to me. Creighton University presented no candidate. Two of the four from Nebraska University passed the examination; also the two from Grand Island; the other five failed. The authorities of the two successful institutions were expected to name one of their two who had passed; so that the winner must necessarily be one of the two survivors. As it was desirable to have an eligible list, so that in the event of the death or withdrawal of the man chosen it might not be necessary to call the committee together again, the four names were placed in the order of merit. To make the selection with proper knowledge it was necessary to call each of the four before the committee to be questioned and "sized up." This was a pretty severe ordeal for the young men,

who felt that they were there on trial, and that their fate depended on the answers they would give to the numerous questions asked by eight college presidents, who were to form their judgments by what they saw and heard then and there.

The candidates did not impress me as being at all superior to our own students in any respect. In regard to presentability, manliness, age, self-possession, facility of expression, readiness of thought, mastery of English, health and strength, force of character, firmness and courage, talent, ability for leadership, moral fibre, probable helpfulness to others, modesty of behaviour, and other qualities of Christian youth, it did not appear to me that they possessed any advantages over our students. Among the questions asked them were: "If you were selected would you use this scholarship? In what direction do your studies run? For what have you special talent and taste? The condition of your health? Your proficiency in athletic sports? To what extent were you dependent on yourself for going through college? What part have you taken in religious work? In social and charitable functions? How many years have you devoted to study? Where did you make your preparatory studies? What did you find most difficult in your examination? What kind of societies and clubs do you belong to?"

One of the candidates had only taken Latin, Greek and philosophy as principal studies, and in mathematics had very little pretensions beyond trigonometry. All had specialized in the classics. In fact, none of the young men showed any attempt at broad scholarship, and they would fall behind our students in general knowledge and culture. All of them were about twenty-one years of age and in the junior year; and all of them found the Latin and Greek grammar the most difficult part of their examination. Three of the four were sons of Protestant clergymen. I am satisfied that our course of studies and our methods of teaching are such as would fit our students for passing creditable, if not successful, examinations; and that they have nothing to fear from the competition they would encounter. I would be very much pleased if some of our students were to undertake this examination, if for nothing else but to find out how we stand in comparison with other colleges.

M. P. Dowling, S. J.

Spain.—*Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception.*—In no country is as much being done for the celebration of this Jubilee as in Spain. Missions and preparatory novenas are being held in all the dioceses, and great pilgrimages have been organized by the Bishops to show the faith of the Spanish people and their devotion to Mary Immaculate. Two congresses will be held—one at Seville, the other at Barcelona.

The congress of Barcelona will have for its object to promote unity of action among the different Sodalities of Mary in Spain and South America, which will send representatives to the congress. It was Father Puig, of the Society, director of the great Sodality at Barcelona, probably the largest and most flourishing in the world, who first proposed this Sodality Congress, and who has worked earnestly for its success. He has met with remarkable encouragement from the Bishops and from His Holiness, Pius X., who has sent him his approval and blessing for the work.

For Workingmen.—Encouraged by the excellent results obtained at Saragossa by the night schools for workingmen, our Fathers have established similar schools in most of our Spanish colleges. The plans for a house to be used for the instruction of workingmen at Madrid have been sent to Father General for his approbation. At Durango a house will be built in which retreats can be given to workmen.

The New Observatory near Tortosa.—The Province of Aragon is building an observatory at the villa of the scholasticate of the Province. It is situated on a delightful hill which overlooks the beautiful valley of the Ebro, and is, therefore, called the Observatory of the Ebro. It will be under the charge of Father Cirera, who for six years had charge of the magnetic department of the Manila Observatory. The principal object of this establishment will be the study of terrestrial magnetism, considered not only by itself, but especially in relation to other phenomena, such as atmospheric electricity, meteorology, earthquakes, microseismic movements and solar phenomena. Two buildings will be devoted to magnetic work; one to astronomical and solar work; a fourth to meteorology and atmosphospheric electricity, and the fifth to the continuous register of thunderstorms, the record of earth temperatures, the polarization of sky light, and solar radiations as measured by actinometers. The building for seismological work will be underground. The habitual purity of the sky and the entire absence of trolleys and of whatever may produce magnetic perturbations render the site very favorable. Being only two miles from the scholasticate, those studying there and destined for the Mission of Manila, which belongs to the Aragon Province, can receive at Ebro training and preparatory education for observatory work. The establishment has the approbation of scientific men throughout the world, who pronounce it the very best of its kind yet planned. The Province of Aragon deserves great credit for its enterprise in undertaking and devoting the men and means for such a work, which cannot fail to reflect credit on the Society and increase its influence among men of science, all to the greater glory of God.

Father John Joseph Urráburu, well known by his learned works on Philosophy, died at the College of Burgos on August 11 in the sixty-first year of his life.

Spiritual Exercises.—*Indulgence and Apostolical Blessing.*—The following letter we reprint for the use of Ours called on to give the Exercises:—

BEATISSIME PATER.

Hodiernus Præpositus Generalis Societatis Jesu, ad pedes S. S. provolutus humiliter exponit quæ sequuntur:

A Patribus prædictæ Societatis frequentissime in anno, sive in ipsorum domibus, sive alibi, traduntur per aliquot dies continuos Christifidelibus in unum collectis exercitia spiritualia S. Ignatii a Loyola. Ut autem ad hæc sancta exercitia frequentanda efficacius alliciantur fideles, Orator a S. V. enixe petit, ut in omnibus locis, in quibus hæc exercitia spiritualia congregatis fidelibus traduntur saltem per triduum, Sacerdotes prædictæ Societatis, qui ea exercitia tradiderint, sive per se, sive per digniorem de Clero sæculari præsentem, quem sibi substituerint, in fine exercitiorum impertiri valeant, cum imagine Crucifixi et unico Crucis signo, Benedictionem Apostolicam cum adnexa plenaria indulgentia lucranda ab iis tantummodo Christifidelibus, qui rite confessi et S. Communione refecti fuerint, et tempore dictorum exercitiorum quinque saltem conciones audierint.

Et Deus. . . . . .

SS. D. N. Pius Pp. X. in Audientia habita die 22 Junii 1904 ab infrascripto Card. Præf. S. C. Indulgentiis Sacrisque Reliquiis præpositæ benigne annuit pro gratia juxta preces. Præsenti in perpetuum valituro. Contrariis quibuscumque non obstantibus. Datum Romæ ex Secria. ejusdem S. C. die 22 Junii 1904.

L. ✠ S. A. Card. Tripepi *Præf.*

Pro Secrius.

Jos. M. Cancus. Coselli *Substus.*

Concordat cum Originali.

Ant. Rota Secr. S. I.

St. Francis Xavier.—*Patron of the Propagation of the Faith.*—By a Brief dated March 25, His Holiness Pius X. has appointed St. Francis Xavier special patron of the association known as the Propagation of the Faith. Besides, he has raised his feast to a double major for the whole church. On this occasion our Father General wrote a letter to the Society, in which are contained the following words: "Nostros omnes enixe hortor in Domino, ut, quidquid ad coetus hujus de nobis optime meriti auctoritatem et incrementum conferre possint, grato alacrique animo conferant; eumque, qua vires ferant, in omnibus provehendum studeant."

Indulgences for the Novena of Grace.—His Holiness has, also, through the Congregation of Indulgences, granted an indulgence of 300 days for each day of this novena, and a plenary indulgence on the usual conditions. This novena can be made twice during the year at any time, in public or in private, and the indulgences gained, provided the prayer of

Father Mastrilli be said each day along with one Our Father, Hail Mary and Gloria, and in case one has not this prayer, five Our Fathers, Hail Marys and Glorias.

HOME NEWS.—*The Ordinations* took place on June 26, 27, and 28, and the first Masses on June 29. Fourteen received minor orders, and the following were ordained priests: Francis A. Tondorf, George J. Krim, John J. Regan, Valentine Rochfort, Charles W. Lyons, James I. Moakley, Walter M. Drum, Matthew L. McCabe, William J. Conway, for the Maryland-New York Province; Augustine E. Fields and Frederick Macdonnell, for the New Orleans Mission; Simon B. Sarasola, for the Province of Castile, Spain. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons conferred both the major and minor orders.

Visit of Father Algué.—On June 10, feast of the Sacred Heart, Father Algué, who had come to Washington on business connected with the Filipino exhibit at St. Louis and the Manila Weather Bureau, paid us a visit, and in the evening gave the Theologians and Philosophers an informal talk about the Philippines and the exhibit. With the aid of a colored plan, he gave an interesting description of what the Filipinos had done for the exhibit, and described in detail the construction of the immense map of the Islands which has been made by them under his direction. An account, too, of the scientific work of the Manila Observatory was given, and of the missionary work of our Spanish Fathers among the native Catholic and pagan Filipinos now present at the Exhibition. Father Algué put before us the need of American Jesuits in the Philippines both in the colleges and missions, and cited the example of Father Stanton, who has done such valuable work in his labors on the crop-destroying insects, for what can be done in scientific work.

The Faculty for 1904-'05.—The following changes have been made in the faculty for the new scholastic year: Father O'Hara is Minister and Procurator; Father Dawson, professor of morning dogma; Father A. J. Elder Mullan, professor of evening dogma; Father Duane, professor of short course; Father John Corbett, Scripture and Hebrew; Father Casten, special metaphysics; Father George Coyle, chemistry. Father Maas is prefect of studies and has charge of the parish; Father Gaffney is assistant pastor. The rest remain as last year, viz.: Father Barrett teaches moral theology; Father Papi, canon law; Father Woods, ecclesiastical history; Father John Brosnan, physics; Father Brosnahan, ethics; Father William Brosnan, logic and general metaphysics; Father Hedrick, higher mathematics and the natural sciences; Father Denny, confessor of Ours; Father Frisbee, spiritual father and editor of the LETTERS.

In the Long Course, the treatises "De Verbo Incarnato" and "De Deo Creante" will be explained; in Moral, the

second volume; in Scripture, the special introduction to the New Testament. The second and third year philosophers attend the same class for metaphysics, superior psychology being explained this year.

The Woodstock community numbered on September 15th 138, classified as follows: Faculty, 19; long course, 31; short course, 22; philosophy, 41; Brothers, 25.

Theologians' Academy.—On March 17 Mr. Joseph A. Mulry was elected president of the Theologians' Academy and Mr. Francis R. Donovan secretary. During the past scholastic year the following papers were read:—

October 9.—The Language of Church Prayers; Their History and Excellence . . . . Rev. F. P. Donnelly.

October 29.—The Addition of the *Filioque* to the Nicene-Constantinopolitan Symbol . . . Rev. T. A. Becker.

December 10.—The Thomistic View of Free Will . . . Rev. Hubert Gründer.

January 6.—What Was the Star of Bethlehem? . . . . Rev. Francis A. Tondorf.

January 18.—The Religious Cloister . . . . . Rev. Lawrence A. Kelly.

January 28.—The Attitude of the Fathers to the Study of the Pagan Authors . . Rev. Robert Schwickerath.

February 22.—St. Patrick and Rome . . . . . Mr. Joseph A. Mulry.

March 10.—Public Penitential Discipline . . . . . Rev. Valentine H. Rochfort.

March 17.—Hildebrand and the Contest about Lay Investiture . . . . . Mr. Francis R. Donovan.

Rev. Father Provincial attended the meeting of February 22, and gave great encouragement to those interested in the Academy. He said he would be pleased to have published any articles that the theologians would write; provided, of course, the papers passed the censors; and he gave this encouragement to writing with a view to publication, precisely because he deemed such writing would be no hindrance—but rather a help—to theological studies.

During the past scholastic year the following articles were published by the theologians:—

Rev. Francis P. Donnelly: "The Post-Communion; Its Meaning and History," *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, March, 1904.

Rev. Walter M. Drum: "Traces of Revelation in Homer" *The American Catholic Quarterly Review*, April, 1904; "Mgr. Nozaleda and the Anti-Clericals of Spain," *Catholic World*, August, 1904; "Anti-Clerical Tactics in Spain," *Catholic World*, September 1904.

Rev. Valentine H. Rochfort: "The Pallium," *The Messenger*, May, 1904.

Rev. Robert Schwickerath: "A Fatal Error in Education and Its Remedy," *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, October, 1903; "The Attitude of Modern Scientists Towards Religion," *American Ecclesiastical Review*, November, 1903.

Rev. Francis A. Tondorf: "The Attitude of Kepler to Astrology," *Popular Astronomy*, May, 1904.

Philosophers' Academy.—On June 29 a special meeting of the Academy was held for the purpose of electing officers for the year 1904–'05. Mr. O'Malia was elected president and Mr. Simpson secretary.

During the past scholastic year the following papers were read:—

October 7.—Is the *Vis Æstimativa* a Rational Faculty? . Mr. Didusch.
October 20.—The Functions of Philosophy and Science in Education . . . . . Mr. Drugan.
November 4.—Sympathetic Vibrations . . Mr. Phillips.
November 18.—Right of Prohibiting Books . . . . . Mr. Corrigan.
December 16.—Final Causes . . . . . Mr. O'Malia.
January 5.—Modern Pantheism—Spinoza . . . . . Mr. Charles King.
February 3.—Logical Basis of Physical Laws . . . . Mr. Brock.
February 24.—Miracles . . . . . Mr. Kimball.
March 23.—Deliberate Act of the Will . . . Mr. Tallon.
April 27.—De Lamennais' Error . . . . . Mr. Duffy.
May 4.—Thunder and Lightning. . . Mr. Lauterbach.

On February 24 the Academy was honored by the presence of Rev. Father Provincial. After the reading of the paper, Father Provincial addressed a few remarks of advice and encouragement to the members. He expressed his satisfaction with the work done, and insisted upon the benefits that result from it. A chief object of the academy, he said, was to develop efficient writers, who in time to come would be able to defend with clearness and ability the doctrines of the Church and of Catholic philosophy.

Office of the Letters.

The present number is sent out the last week of September. The next will be the December issue. Letters and articles to be in time for it should reach us by December 1st and notes for the Varia by December 15th.

Students in our Colleges in the United States and Canada 1903–1904.

	Students	College Course	Grammar or Academic	Commercial or English	Preparatory	Graduates A. B.
Md. N. Y. Prov.						
Georgetown [1]	259	99	138	22	.....	31
Washington	179	14	71	.....	94	.....
Fordham	422	59	262	55	46	18
Worcester	388	205	120	.....	63	46
New York	607	123	348	.....	136	18
Philadelphia	255	44	211	.....	.....	8
Baltimore	163	91	49	.....	23	6
Boston	373	124	233	16	.....	28
Jersey City	73	26	47	.....	.....	.....
Missouri Prov.						
St. Louis [2]	408	87	206	73	42	17
Cincinnati	418	112	229	51	26	15
St. Mary's	318	78	108	132	.....	11
Chicago	563	123	279	114	47	13
Detroit	219	86	133	.....	.....	14
Omaha [3]	286	204	82	.....	.....	22
Milwaukee	277	63	166	48	.....	13
N. Orleans Miss.						
Spring Hill	171	45	48	57	21	8
New Orleans	449	62	127	113	147	8
Galveston	80	3	40	.....	37	.....
Canada Mission						
Montreal (St. Mary's)	243	75	117	.....	51	12
St. Boniface	188	11	76	81	20	1
Montreal (Loyola)	180	35	88	18	39	7
California Miss.						
Santa Clara	341	56	168	52	65	5
San Francisco	307	32	126	.....	149	3
Buffalo Mission						
Buffalo	292	22	199	.....	71	7
Cleveland	258	40	177	41	.....	.....
Prairie du Chien	80	10	44	12	14	.....
Toledo	154	28	126	.....	.....	.....
N. Mexico Miss.						
Denver	235	43	116	.....	76	.....
Rocky Mt. Miss.						.....
						.....
Spokane	302	42	93	81	86	.....
Total	8488	2042	4227	966	1253	311

[1] Law School 286; Medical School 158

[2] Medical School 402

[3] Medical School 149